FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE. MODERN INSURANCE AND BANKING—Special Articles. With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/-

The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1672 FEB. 6, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

"Luvisca" REGR SHIRTS SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS

LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED TAB: Luvisca REGR COURTAULDS

Sold by Leading Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. 125M), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C. 1, who will send you name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

THERE is a happy, easy way to smartness—the wearing of "LUVISCA" Shirts and Soft Collars. You will like the smooth fabric the more when you discover its endurance. The colours are fast as well as pleasing. Equal satisfaction is gained from "LUVISCA" Pyjamas. British in Manufacture.

COURTAULDS FABRIC

IT IS THE CHILDREN THAT MATTER
THEY ARE THE COMING GENERATION

1,100 Boys and Girls, some motherless, some fatherless, some orphans, but all taken from poverty, are being fed, clothed and educated by

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
(Founded 1843)

The Society is gravely concerned because of the serious fall in subscriptions and donations.

PLEASE HELP US TO BALANCE OUR BUDGET Send Your Gift NOW!

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C. 2

When 'FLU is in the air, slip a MONSOL BRAND THROAT PASTILLE in your mouth

1/3 & 2/3 per tin from Chemists everywhere.

For uses innumerable.
On Sale Everywhere.
Tubes, 4½d., 6d., 9d.

SECCOTINE
(Registered Trade Mark)

Write for free booklet.
M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr, Limited, Belfast.

A GREAT ADHESIVE—MENDS BREAKAGES—RENOVATES SILKS, LACES AND EMBROIDERIES

Preferred for its purity

Apollinaris
NATURAL MINERAL WATER
TRADE MARK

Plain or mixed with your spirits

GROWN NEXT DOOR TO VIRGINIA IN AMERICA'S SUNNIEST SPOT

CANADIAN CLUB TOBACCO

NAVY CUT FLAKE
CURLY CUT
MIXTURE
ROUGH CUT

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd., Proprietors. Established 1844.

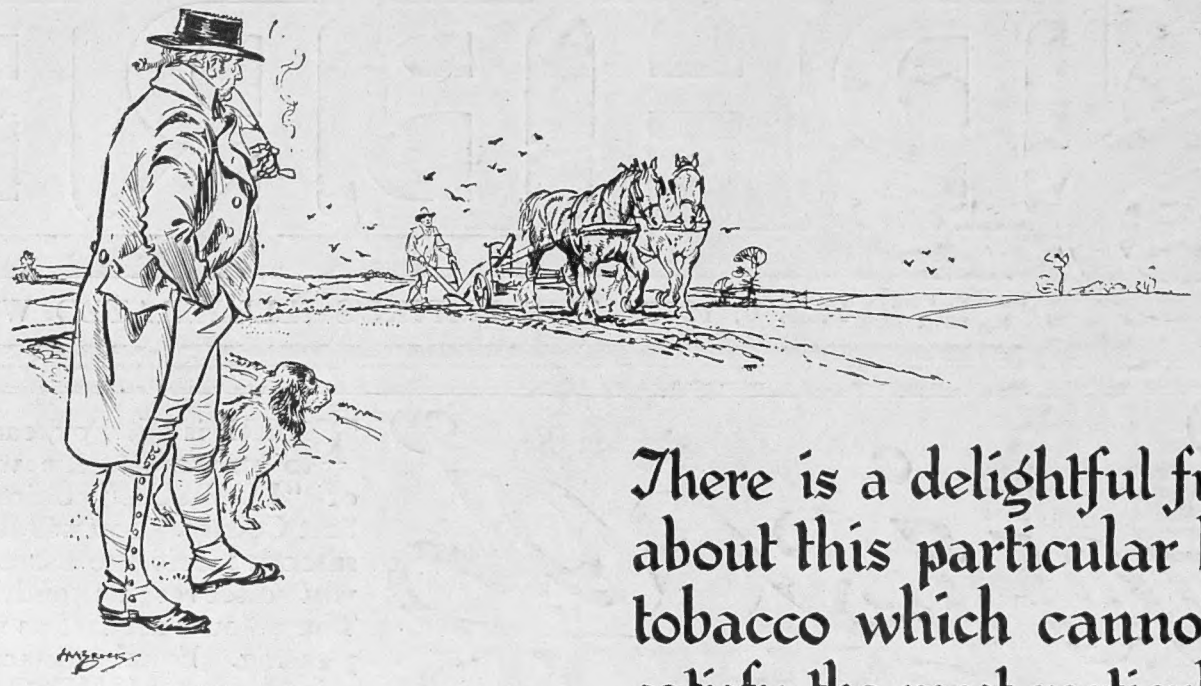
11½d PER OZ.
1/10d FOR 2 OZS.

TRADE MARK "SERVICE" TRADE MARK COFFEE
BRAND
WITH CHICORY

In 6d., 9d. and 1/4d. Bottles

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED.

CAR & GENERAL
INSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1



There is a delightful freshness about this particular brand of tobacco which cannot fail to satisfy the most particular smoker

1/1D per oz.

and 2oz pocket tins

at

2/2D.

"Player's

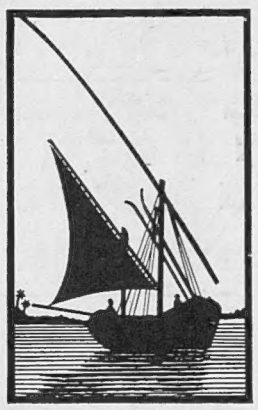
"Country Life"

SMOKING MIXTURE

C.L.1.D

PALACE HOTEL TORQUAY

The Season at the Palace is very sharply defined. It begins on Jan. 1st and ends on Dec. 31st., and is therefore now well under way. Terms include golf, tennis, bowls, squash, badminton, swimming, gymnasium, dancing, cinema.



EASTER

IN THE HOLY LAND

That alone would be worth the journey, but passengers by the 20,000 ton Orient Liner "Otranto" sailing 12th March will see North Africa, Egypt, Rhodes, Constantinople and Athens too.

30 DAYS' CRUISE FOR 52 GUINEAS

Write for programme of

SIXTEEN ORIENT LINE CRUISES

TO WEST INDIES, MEDITERRANEAN, ATLANTIC ISLANDS, NORWAY AND NORTHERN CAPITALS

ORIENT LINE CRUISES

Managers: Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3.
West End Offices: 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1, & No. 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2.

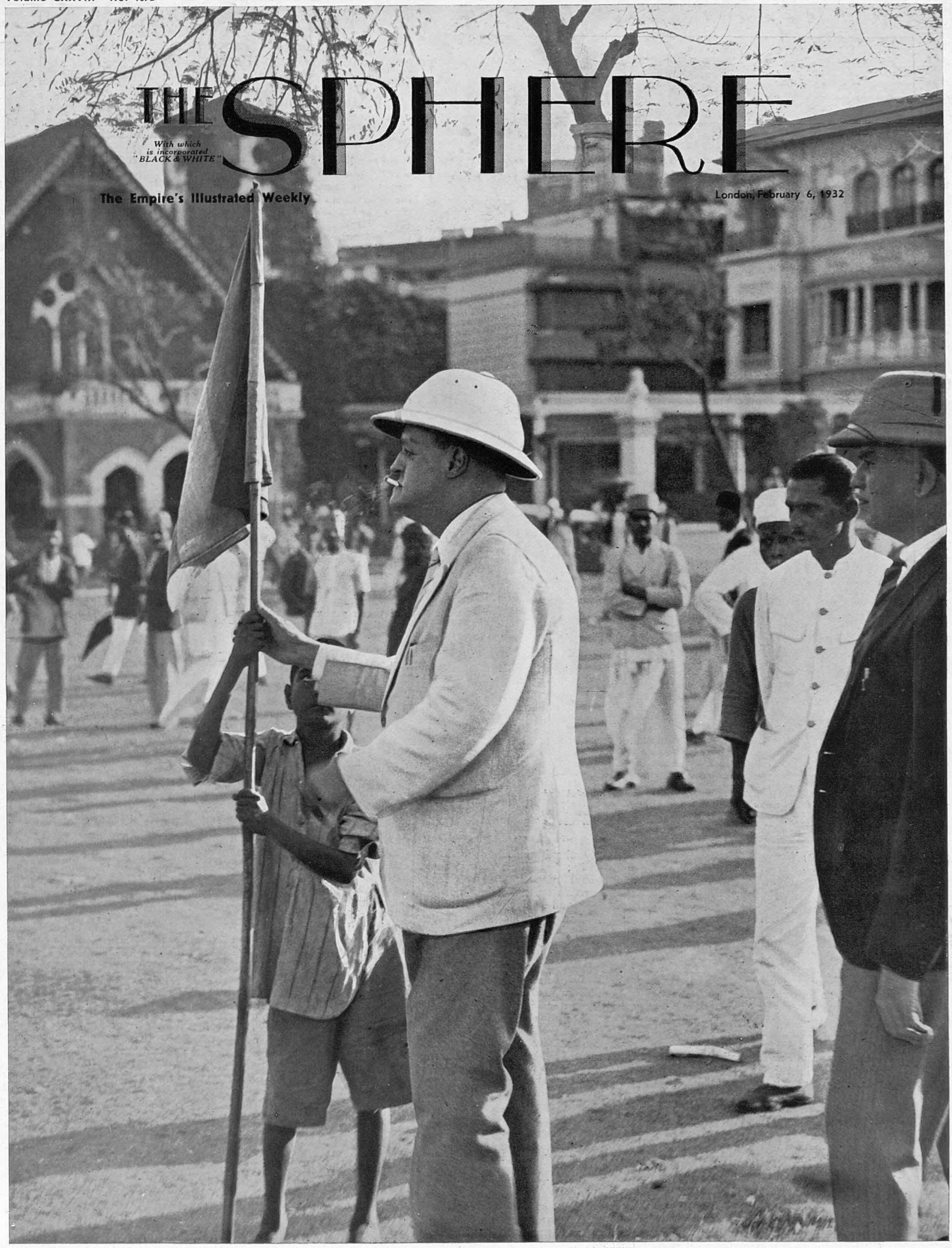
Volume CXXVIII No. 1672

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, February 6, 1932



AUTHORITY IN INDIA

The type of British Police Officer, whose nonchalance disguises his efficiency, who maintains control over whatever may threaten the peace, from child banner-bearers to murderous rioters—a Bombay study

Upon this page and pages 176–77 of this issue, "The Sphere" presents a series of actualities sent from Bombay at the end of last month. They show the furious disturbances occasioned by the arrest of Gandhi and the highly efficient but strikingly unruffled manner in which they were brought to nothing. The British police officer seen above, for example, stands in careless fashion, cigarette in mouth, surrounded by an antagonistic horde which he dominates both by his commanding stature and his superb *sangfroid*. The freer hand given to the forces of law and order under the Willingdon than under the Irwin *régime* is already having great effect upon the state of India in particular and British prestige in general

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

Charles E. Brown

EROS BY NIGHT: A special "Sphere" study of the graceful god of the Circus whose bow-string was broken and whose wings were bent during the revelry on New Year's Eve. The cost of his repairs amounted to over £150. This particular picture is remarkable for the reproduction of the sheen cast on the statue by London's "Great White Way"

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 3, 1932.

MORITURI SALUTANT.—

Not for the first time a submarine has sunk with all hands on the eve of an important Conference on Disarmament. As if to point the clear moral, to sear the Conscience of so-called Civilization, the flower of our youth has gone to its death. In times of peace, on no specially dangerous mission, a hideous death cut short sixty young lives — lives and services which this country can ill afford to lose. Perhaps in the depths they heard the Prince's call to youth to rise up and right the wrongs of Civilization. These young men can take no part in that campaign. They went to their death in pursuance of their chosen duties. Will their contemporaries, the youth of Britain and the Empire, at long last make their voices heard above the snarling of bickering governments, and create a pressure of public opinion which will sweep away this outrage on decency and Christianity, resolve at last the cowardice, hesitancy, and suspicion of governments, and give youth its chance of a full life of useful service to its country? Citizenship, as the Prince so well said, has its duties as well as its rights. But to die untimely such a mournful death is not one of those duties, and demands a nobler cause than to assuage the unworthy suspicions of vacillating chancelleries.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LEAGUE.—

It is hard on a world in travail that at the very hour of fate the one hope of salvation should be dimmed; hard on the League that on the eve of the vital conference its hardly won claim to the possession of effective authority should be challenged so confidently; hard that its first real test should arise in a conflict between two nations, one so uncompromising and elusive and the other politically in a state of barbarism. At the moment when, in the Manchurian issue, China—through her delegates—is skilfully invoking the League's intervention in strict form and with unanswerable logic, her ragged regiments have caused a new crisis and intensified the uncompromising determination of Japan to conserve her vital interests in China by swift force rather than by slow and doubtful arbitration. For some time anti-Japanese organizations in Shanghai have been playing havoc with Japanese trading interests in that international city. There was no central government in China to deal with the strong representations from Tokio; and although the Mayor of Shanghai, torn between his fear of the Chinese mob and his fear of the Japanese navy, "did what he could," his promises and concessions were not enough, and the naval forces at Shanghai took the law into their own hands. So chaos is imposed on chaos; the international interests in Shanghai, outraged and anxious, must prepare to defend their rights by force of arms; the nations of the world meet to discuss disarmament with their minds preoccupied with questions of armed intervention, and to the roar of the artillery of the League's signatories; and the sole counter of exchange, the League's effective power as an alternative to war, is shrunk to this little measure. It seems that the long-awaited conference can now be nothing but a panic meeting to patch up a dangerous crisis.

THE HONOLULU HORRORS.—

We have not fully understood the hideous nature of the crimes which have led up to the tense and anxious situation in Hawaii. The leading newspapers in New York naturally print *in extenso* the evidence taken from Mrs. Massie. That evidence reveals that no hideous detail was lacking to distinguish that outrage beyond the foulest ever perpetrated on a white woman by a gang of half-breed thugs. It is shocking reading. It is easy to understand that racial feeling in Honolulu must be acute. It seems extraordinary that, while they had the chance, the United States' Navy ratings did not indulge in wholesale slaughter. On the whole, one stands astonished at their moderation. The ravishers have eluded the law, the avengers were for a time surrendered to half-breed justice. American critics of their country's democratic system of government at home and abroad, that futile and ridiculous mixture of maudlin sentiment and brutality, admit that they have brought these horrors on their own heads. They even admit that, if Japan were in control in Hawaii, Honolulu would be governed as it governs under a rod of iron, and the hideous tangle would never have come about. Elected law officers, a mongrel population of Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiian, and American blood, degenerates grown bold from lack of discipline and vain from spoiling, who can afford to laugh at magistrates and police and who have learned to despise the "decency" of American visitors of the wealthy sort after constant observation of the manners and morals of film stars and other mushroom growths at that pleasure resort of the vulgar rich. One pities while one despises such slackness, such ineptitude, such failure of "the ideals of true democracy."

INCOME-TAX RETURNS.—

Every week we receive an official pat on the back through the Press. The gratifying response to the Chancellor's appeal to income-tax payers is revealed in figures and the still outstanding deficit is tactfully mentioned. *What* good boys we are! Little Jack Horner sits in his corner (with back to the wall) eating his resurrection pie. He puts in his thumb and pulls out (and hands over) the (only visible) plum and says (with justice) "O what a good boy am I." Arising out of this income-tax business, I wonder how many of my readers are aware how comparatively small a share of the annual income-tax revenue is a matter of doubt or speculation to authority. I believe it is true that, in good times and bad (so long as the nation remains solvent of course), four-fifths of the returns from income-tax can be accurately and exactly forecast in advance. It is a constant and unchanging revenue, that four-fifths which is derived from government securities, fixed income bearing securities and all government salaries, etc. All forecasts therefore concerning returns from direct taxation apply only to one-fifth of this chief source of revenue income. An illuminating, and to many a surprising, fact.

NEW LIGHT ON DR. JOHNSON.—

Lord Lansdowne, dipping deeper into the mass of family papers at Bowood, has prepared another book which promises to be more than usually interesting, for it will throw, I believe, a new light on Dr. Johnson and reveal a far more genial, well-mannered (an even courteous) lion than the brusque but human hero of Boswell's immortal biography. I think that this new information is derived from unpublished letters and papers of Mrs. Thrale's, and that their existence at Bowood is due to the fact that Madame de Flahault was granddaughter of Mrs. Thrale. Madame de Flahault, wife of Napoleon's secretary, was Lord Lansdowne's great-grandmother. Flahault, as is now generally known, was Talleyrand's son. Already the Flahault papers have enabled Lord Lansdowne to throw new and valuable light on French history.

LABOUR SAVING AT HAILEYBURY.—

I think twice (after a recent experience in the "Newsletter") of making mention of the latest devices in labour saving for the kitchen. The words c--k-ng st-v- have brought much gratuitous hard work to the staff of THE SPHERE. So I refer with some nervousness to the last word in mass cooking now being completed at Haileybury. At this important public school all the boys feed together and anyone interested in large scale cooking should seek an opportunity to inspect these scientific marvels at Haileybury. A wizard has been assembled there. You breathe into its ear the order, "roast mutton, sauté potatoes, brussels sprouts, apple tart, cheddar cheese and biscuits for 375 at 1 p.m., please," and press a button. The Robot does the rest—cooks the meal, serves the meal, snatches the empty plates away, washes, dries, and stores them, says a grace, dismisses the boys with a hearty word or two, swabs the decks, and lays the next meal. You don't believe me? Go to Haileybury.

THE TRUE MEASURE OF CIRCULATION.—

One remark by the chairman at the Illustrated Newspapers meeting particularly interested me, apropos a similar assertion which I made during the rush that followed that same c--k-ng st-v- reference. He said: "Our papers pass from hand to hand—their sales, though large, are no measure of their circulation." As writer of the "Newsletter" I am recipient of a certain amount of correspondence from readers, often appreciative, sometimes crisp! This correspondence clearly reveals that throughout the Empire and elsewhere there exist organizations for passing THE SPHERE, and doubtless other illustrated weeklies, from hand to hand. One correspondent told me his family received the paper after eight other families had "had their wull o' it" (which perhaps accounted for his misreading something I had written). Four months after that unmentionable reference, letters were still coming in from the outposts. Therefore I agree that whatever the sales of THE SPHERE may be, its circulation to hungry readers of British newsprint must be five times greater than its sales—a fact which should appeal to advertisers as much as it appeals to me.

EXEUNT EXAMS.—

The Colonial Office has shed the last relic of barbarism in its selection of candidates for the colonial service. For a now unified colonial service the system of competitive examination has entirely ceased. Personal selection takes its place. What does this mean? It certainly does *not* mean that the policy of personal selection is entirely new; nor does it mean that candidates are no longer examined and no longer compete for selection. It means that the wizard of the pen, the nimble accountant, the parrot-memoried, in future gets no early advantage in the race. Empire builders are not made of such stuff. But in the final choice a score of examinations from childhood up are taken into account and candidature is as strongly competitive as ever. But personal selection implies that character is the first consideration, educational attainment the second. Well and good, provided there exists a body of selectors who can by a series of personal interviews and by the examination of records spot character infallibly.

It is not easy. I should be sorry to undertake the job. My own experience convinces me that nothing but the acid test can discover true metal. I can think of half-a-dozen men who have passed current for 18-carat gold, only to be shown up at last, when faced by a real crisis, as base metal. To be successful in written examinations may be a trick, but it is a trick only acquired by patience, grit, and determination.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

FAST SHIP · What Should Britain Build?

Any Shipping Company, Facing a New Programme is on the Horns of a Dilemma, for Only Colossal Investments Will Show an Even Adequate Return

By FRANK C. BOWEN

given new engines with higher pressure, designed for a speed of 19 knots. This ability to put the old machinery to good use greatly reduced the cost of re-engining, but the case of the Cunard was different, for, if they decided to make their ships faster, they could only scrap the surplus machinery and the cost would be colossal. So the 20,000-tonners still have their 17-knot speed.

A further set-back was experienced by the advent of the North German Lloyd fliers *Bremen* and *Europa*, ships of 51,600 tons which were designed for 27 knots in the first place, while the *Mauretania* was designed for only 25, although capable of 27. They won the Blue Riband after a gallant effort by the veteran *Mary*, and they could manage it very much more economically, for steam engineering had made great strides in two decades. As an instance, the boilers of the *Mauretania occupy 366 ft. of her length while those of the Bremen, developing 60 per cent. more power, occupy only 225 ft*, leaving the balance to earn money. Given a successful design in each case, it is always the up-to-date ship which pays best, for, in addition to the reduction in non-earning space, the fuel consumption per horse-power has been nearly halved recently and the *Empress of Britain* of 1931 is much more economical than the *Bremen* of 1929.

With the Blue Riband went the cream of the Atlantic trade. The passenger figures of the North German Lloyd went up when those of every other company went down. In 1928 the Cunard company carried 231,000 passengers the North German Lloyd 92,000, and the Hamburg America Line, which had nothing to compare with the Lloyd's *Colombus*, 77,000. For last year the Cunard figures are not yet available, but the North German Lloyd carried 114,000, against the Hapag's 54,000. Although the passenger capacity of the Lloyd liners on the regular American services is in the neighbourhood of 12,000, and the *Bremen* and *Europa* together carry under 4,500, they have taken nearly 75 per cent. of the company's total.

Coupled with their experience of years ago, this phenomenal success of their *Bremen* rival was enough to make the Cunard people consider going at least one better, and the situation was complicated by the fact that the big Italian companies, with the generous help of the State, were building two record breakers, the *Rex* and the *Conte di Savoia*. If they contrived a better passage than the *Bremen* the fickle holiday public would no doubt favour them, and would do what the Italians had been hoping for years: start their European holiday in Italy instead of visiting it only after they have seen, and spent most of their money in, the more northern countries. If this came to pass it would be a very serious blow to the Cunard, for a large proportion of its luxury passengers are American tourists landing at Cherbourg,

The new threat had to be taken seriously, for Italian ship-builders had proved themselves remarkably successful in obtaining speed in ships of all types, both merchant and naval. In addition the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique had completed its plans for the record breaker, provisionally known as *T6*, and the United States Lines were waiting only for a favourable decision by Congress in the matter of subsidies to start building two giants of the same class. It seemed that the danger could only be averted by building a ship with a margin over its rivals as big as that of the *Mauretania* in 1907. Admittedly such a ship would cost a very large sum, but shipbuilding prices at the moment were lower than they were ever likely to be again, and while there were, certainly, comparatively few passengers to be carried at the time, there were big hopes of a revival and the biggest ships got most of them anyhow.

So the question of a giant express liner came up for urgent consideration by the Cunard directors, a question that could not be postponed for very much longer owing to the ageing of the big ships already on the Southampton run. The wonderful *Mauretania* was built in 1907, the *Berengaria* in 1912, and the *Aquitania* in 1914, and, while their machinery can get only about ten shaft horse power per ton of its weight, a modern ship could get nearly thirty, and the saving would be shown in the accounts of every voyage made. While they were about it *a very daring plan was evolved, to build two ships so big and fast that they could do the work of three, and work across the Atlantic with a regular weekly shuttle service which had never before been attempted.*

It may be asked why, if speed is the primary consideration, the hull was not made smaller to save expense; warships of very moderate tonnage had made long voyages at high speed. But speed is only the means of assuring that the primary consideration—profit—is obtained. Speed necessitates machinery that is both heavy and expensive and the ship has to have profit-earning capacity to pay for it. A scheme in 1928 to run a 31½-knot service with 20,000-ton ships was proved to be economically impossible as soon as the experts got down to figures. It is also impossible to get speed economically without length, and a ship with destroyer lines would not please the particular traveller. As long ago as 1899 the late Lord Pirrie, acknowledged to be one of the world's greatest authorities on Atlantic liner design, saw the inevitability of the 1,000-ft. liner and prepared plans for her, in spite of the fact that the big engines of that day prevented her having the possibility of profit.

It was a very serious decision to make, and before it was taken many months were spent in innumerable discussions with the most experienced men on the western ocean, every point being thrashed out carefully. This alone took time, for there are many pros and cons to be considered before any commercial firm spends such a huge sum.

In favour of the big ship policy is the fact that the overhead costs per hundred passengers carried are very much less in a single ship of 75,000 tons than in three of 25,000, and, in addition, they are willing to pay more. This, unfortunately, only applies when the ships are full, for there is obviously a bigger loss on an empty big ship than on an empty small one. The company had to take the risk of this, but it had learned by experience that there are any number of passengers who take literally the words of the famous parody on John Masefield's poem:

"And all I ask is a tall ship
Got up like the land that is dry."

Both the speed and the extreme luxury made possible by size were great attractions, but there were so many rival companies on the Atlantic that it was an obvious precaution to have sufficient margin to meet the next move of rivals; crack ships have been declassed within a short period so often before. Also there is a point which does not occur to the layman; a ship may be fast enough to ruin herself. The route on which she will run has to be very carefully considered. Taking the Ambrose-Cherbourg passage at 3,053 miles, as it is at certain seasons of the year, and letting the ship leave New York at the very convenient hour of 10 a.m., which will bring her past the Ambrose Light at noon; at 25 knots she will arrive at Cherbourg just after 6 p.m., which permits the passengers to get to Paris by a reasonable bed-time, but a 30-knot ship would arrive at about 10 p.m. at night and nobody wants to waste time in Cherbourg and start the next day with a tedious train journey. A 32-knotter arrives at 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. in the afternoon, which is ideal.

Against great size is the problem of the off season, for employment has to be found for such a ship all through the year when the overhead costs for interest, insurance and depreciation are going on remorselessly to the tune of £2,000 a day. She could not hope to make both ends meet on the western ocean during the winter months, so will presumably spend that season carrying out ambitious yachting cruises as most of the other big ships do. In that business, size is apt to be a disadvantage in spite of its advertizing value, for it limits the number of interesting ports into which calls can be made, and, should an accident occur while she is away from her regular Transatlantic service, there is a possibility of great difficulty in finding docking accommodation, as there are not many dry or floating docks in the world capable of taking a 1,000-footer.

In favour of size, again, is the fact that the Atlantic holiday season is comparatively brief and that the company must make hay while the sun shines. It enables them to take very full advantage of the rush, which has been concentrated still more of recent years by the new third tourist class attracting large numbers of teachers, undergraduates, and boys and girls still at school.

Again in favour of the big ship is the fact that size is the very best advertisement for the poor sailor, who will never quite overcome the idea that an Atlantic voyage in a giant ship may be compared with a train journey over particularly well-laid lines. Father Neptune has not been conquered to that extent, but it is natural that a big ship has less motion than a small one in most circumstances.

But over all hung the great question of finance, and although it was not so bad as it is now, when the decision to build the ship was taken, it was a very big problem that overshadowed everything. The sum involved was bound to be a colossal one, for the price per ton of such a ship was very much higher than one of ordinary design.

Finance had to be weighed very carefully against the advantages mentioned, and, when it was finally decided that the venture was justified, or perhaps that there was no alternative, the company had the very worst of luck. It is doubtful whether the trend of Atlantic business has actually been very different from the estimate made, for there is nobody able to reckon it more precisely than the Cunard Company with all their experience, but the almost total stoppage of aid from the subsidiary companies made a very big difference. The Anchor and Brocklebank Lines, which are owned by the Cunard group, were very severely hit by the Indian boycott of British goods, while the collapse of Australian business had a similar effect on the Commonwealth and Dominion Line which had been given the finest fleet of cargo ships afloat at a very big cost. Practically all financial returns from these subsidiaries ceased entirely, and the Cunard directors are far too shrewd financiers to squeeze them dry as has been done too often.

So the construction of the new ship has had to be suspended, an incalculable number of workpeople have been thrown out of employment all over the country and, of course, the company has come in for any amount of criticism for ever thinking of such a ship. It is significant, however, that little or none of this criticism comes from experienced men in the shipping world; they limit themselves to saying that the directors were unduly optimistic in making the move so soon, and that, with their magnificent ships already on service, they should have waited until things improved. But, as the company pointed out to its shareholders, as soon as a thing is possible on the Atlantic there always is, and always has been, an owner ready to do it and there are many owners hungry for the business that the Cunard Company has built up in ninety odd years.

FRANCE *has reaped a great deal of profit with the luxury ships,* Paris *and* Ile de France (*the latter of which is seen here*) *which, it was thought, would prove mere white elephants and would never repay the cost of construction. There is a* No. 534 *in France, too, known as* T.6

OF THE GERMAN
which, during building, was burg harbour but now holds, Bremen, *the Blue Riband Atlantic*

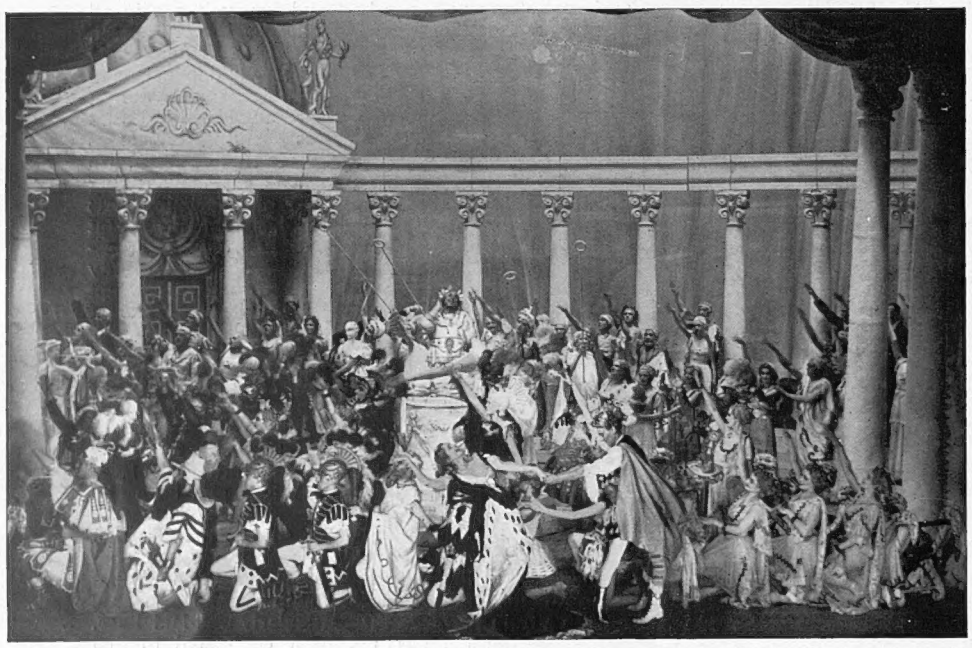
"HELEN!"

Six Pictures of the Superb Cochran-cum-Reinhardt-cum-Herbert-cum-Messel Production at the Adelphi

Sasha

NOT SO GREEK! The entrance to the Temple of Jupiter at Sparta. Helen (Miss Evelyn Laye) is in the centre, surrounded by her maidens. It is in this scene that Calchas (Mr. W. H. Berry), the augur, tells Helen that Paris is coming to Sparta as he has been promised the loveliest woman in the world by Venus

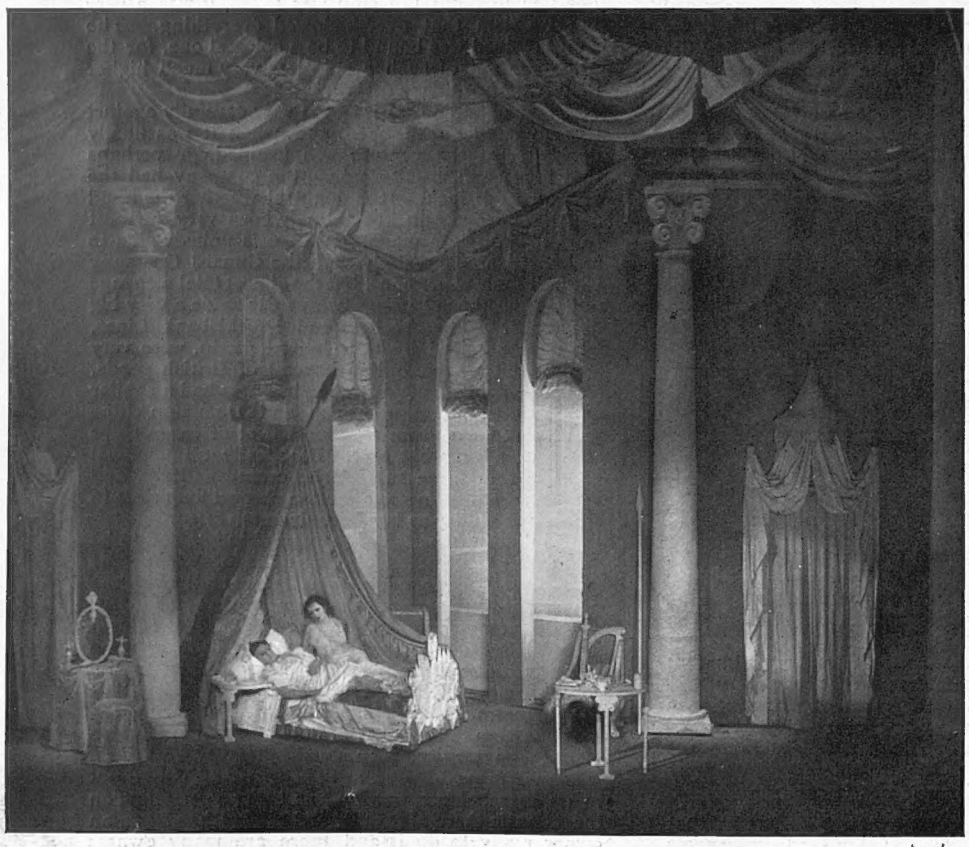
TROUBLE BREWING: Menelaus (Mr. George Robey) is constrained by "fog in the channel" to return unexpectedly; while his attendants, who all sympathise with Helen, contrive to persuade him to bed



Special "Sphere" picture

THE MASSED EFFECTS are even more superb in *Helen* than in any previous Cochran show. Helen is holding hands with Paris (Mr. Bruce Carfax). In the background is Calchas (Mr. W. H. Berry), to whose meddling in the name of religion and whose diplomatic ambition the Trojan War (in this version) is due, in the throes of prophetic inspiration

THE INOPPORTUNE RETURN of Menelaus surprises an interlude between Helen and Paris. He calls a council of the Kings, who mock him and send him to bed; but the lovers' elopement at the end of the Act is accepted by the Greeks as a *casus belli*



Sasha

THE TROJAN HAVEN OF LOVE: The exquisite blue and white apartment in Troy, wherein Helen and Paris live "for the duration"—the ten years which elapse between Acts II and III. All the great figures of the immortal legend—save Diomed, Thetis, Patroclus, and Briseis—appear in the production. A wit criticized the leading lady's triumph in one word: "Helayen"

THE FINALE: Menelaus is so overcome by the beauty of his guilty wife that he finds himself incapable of killing her outside the walls of Troy. They finally return to Sparta, to a lilting justification by Helen of her course

The CHANGING SILHOUETTE of LONDON

Charles E. Brown

METAMORPHOSIS IN PARK LANE: Grosvenor House, Aldford House, and Dorchester House seen from Hyde Park—a special *Sphere* picture

THE COACH STATION, VICTORIA, presents visual evidence of the power now competing so keenly with the railway. Standing on the north side of Buckingham Palace Road, it is one of the most imposing structures now nearly complete

THE CENTRAL TOWER of the Victoria Coach Station from which one huge wing radiates Nothward and another to the West

Charles E. Brown

ALDFORD HOUSE is no longer the home of the Guests but the latest modernist block of "family flats." The frontage is striated with red brick and concrete bands, the latter forming balconies. This new mass, which carries on the architectural scheme of the Dorchester, stands at the corner of South Street. The architect is Colonel G. Val Myer

A FRONTAGE OF BLACK GLASS is the latest architectural innovation in Fleet Street. This is to be seen on the new *Daily Express* building at the corner of Shoe Lane, close to *The Daily Telegraph* building. The upper storeys are following the zoning system now not only popular but legally obligatory in America, the recession giving more light to neighbouring buildings than any other mode of architecture

b

THE VACANT STREETS OF RHEIMS are flanked with new buildings on every side, many of them "à louer." The city is listless, over-built, and geared to over-production, for which there is little or no market

THE HOUSE THAT

LILLE.

Carrying diabolism of thought to the *nth* degree one wonders if it would not be good business for France if some of the reconstructed devastated areas were again destroyed, work thereby being supplied wholesale as an aid out of the nation's stagnation. Please do not think I have gone foolish. This very egress from difficulty intense is being propounded in another sphere, as I shall show in a subsequent article.

The reason I have been running up through the once occupied departments—lovely Spring days of Rheims and Laon and Arras and when even benighted Bethune did not look too ill—is Herr Brüning. This Iron Cross ascetic, as we know, has considerably rumpled things by saying Germany's payments are at an end. Particularly he allied himself with the conception, brand new, that Germany *had* paid more than the rebuilding of war-scarred France had officially cost. He even let it be known that he was ready to submit to an impartial tribunal in the matter, and also touching the precise grand total Germany has paid. We are in such dizzy times that even straightforward national arithmetic appears to be too much to expect. Herr Brüning hasn't a ghost of a chance of drawing the French to Court on the first head—our ex-Allies knowing but too well what would appear if the veil were lifted, however delicately, on the liberated regions—while in regard to the second point posed, no less than three widely divergent computations are in the field—the official one, and a German and an American assessment.

The financial liquidation of the War is sharply divided into two periods—pre- and post-Dawes Plan (1924). From 1924 to the present time there is no dispute. All parties mercifully agree that Germany has paid approximately (at 124 francs to the £) £612,000,000. It is over the period 1919–24, which includes the descent on the Ruhr, that the experts are at loggerheads. The Reparations Commission holds that Germany in that time paid in cash, in kind, and in cession of State wealth some £400,000,000. The German evaluation puts the figure nearly seven times higher, discovering, among other things, an item of some £700,000,000 of "deliveries not imputed to reparations." Nor have we by any means finished going round the mulberry bush.

The supposedly neutral American Institute of Economics estimates that Germany parted with the equivalent of roughly £1,200,000,000 in this preliminary period. It all comes about according to what is or is not charged as "reparation." Every poilu's tooth out on the Rhine was charged to Germany. Germany demurs. And so on. This wider aspect does not, however, concern us here so much as the narrower one of repairing the devastated areas (even these cover but a portion of the general picture I hope to sketch). The Germans affirm: "These physical reparations, according to France herself, cost £825,000,000. Leaving the German estimate on one side, and taking the American, we see that France has received 51 per cent. of the whole paid over since 1919, or £937,000,000. She has therefore received distinctly more than it cost her to repair her War damage." To which the French (even the Left) excitedly proclaim, "False, all false! Look at all the other charges that must go in! The army of occupation, the Spa coal accords; besides, it is absolutely wrong to add gold francs to paper francs of all values, as the Germans do. It all should be reckoned in dollars, and that shows our claim to amount to £1,400,000,000, and with interest to £2,000,000,000!" Well, ladies and gentlemen, let us wish these theorists luck, and come down to more concrete things. Let us consider the munificent, magnificent new house that France has been able to build for herself, what it has brought her—I had almost said "what it avails her." But that would be overdoing things.

The story opens during the War. When the ten northern and eastern departments became settled by the Germans it was necessary to conjure into being an entirely new industrial (that is, munitions) area far from the battlefields. This was done chiefly round St. Etienne, Lyon, Toulouse. The need of the hour incited great undertakings; former relatively quiescent industries of metal, chemicals, textiles, engineering of all kinds, sprang formidably to life. Actually, a new and second industrial France was being created in the South because, once peace declared what should, of course, happen but that this great new plant should be converted for peace-time production? It was. And while the transformation was in progress, something no less important was happening in two other spheres. Industrial (and agricultural) Alsace-Lorraine had come to add her producing power to the Republic's and the industrial North and East were handed back in a tangle, to be first and foremost, before everything else, reconstituted. They were. So that, as the post-War years slipped by, France came progressively to possess three industrial houses instead of one, as formerly—the Centre, Alsace-Lorraine, the Nord. And she that had always been primarily an agricultural land, her place in the world thus filled . . .

Now, let us first deal with the areas I have just been through—the famous pays dévastés of yore. It was a pleasant, if at times melancholy drive, but persistently instructive. Why melancholy? No, do not fear: I am not going to write sob stuff, though well I might, for shocking cartoons beneath a famous name are appearing in the attempt to get the French into a war mind, and depicting the dead arising. I know what 99 per cent. of those dead would say if they knew their wraiths were being used for the recovery of coin, on no matter what pretext, fourteen years after. No, one's melancholy derives from the listless, overbuilt emptiness, the atmosphere of nothing doing, of such a place as Rheims. Walk abroad in the evening, the pavement is yours. Go into a café—the waiter, also. New blocks, new buildings everywhere, and some so very dreadful, almost in the shade of the cathedral. "A louer." You might take that as a slogan of the pays dévastés in 1932. For, this listlessness of Rheims, the overbuilt gaudiness, the idle, excessive factories, the rarity of population, you will encounter a dozen times on the way to the coast. The whole thing has been overdone, with this thrown in: rationalization developed to the last degree. French appetite to-day finds an echo in the brazenly shaken cash-boxes of Lille's unemployed. In your face they shake them. How your feelings are in twain!

The re-erection of the devastated areas terminated in 1928 when the Government department, which had at one time employed 5,000 in Paris and 80,000 in the provinces, was merged. There had been 3,000,000 claims, totalling £696,000,000, to meet and pay. It is not my purpose here to go into "the scandals of the devastated regions." Time and again, in earlier years, French papers of the Left recounted them in detail, how claims four and five times too high, in view of what a property had been actually worth in 1914, were cheerfully paid over by the State. ("Germany would pay.") Yet how very apt are such questions to-day! "Has France been adequately recompensed for damage done, or has she not?" That must be how many of us are thinking. Leaving the dead out of it. The initial, though probably unavoidable, infelicity of giving such noted sou-lovers as the French unchecked carte blanche in regard to the re-erection of their own ruins, led to what might have been expected: intensive profit-making. A rush to the ruins as to a Klondyke. The State benignly supervising things.

In Belgium a hard and fast rule prevailed. Returned refugees and war victims generally had to rebuild their property on the old site or they lost very heavily indeed. In France the whole business became a highly speculative affair, thanks to decrees which enabled victims to sell their damages to third parties and go and settle elsewhere, and to being able to pocket lump sums or procure incomes in lieu of rebuilding—and the magnitude of the potential gamble, ramp, may be gauged from the total figure of 867,000 dwellings listed as damaged or destroyed. Here is explained why one still sees to this day so many hutments. Their inmates long since sold their damage to speculators or public bodies and live à la Nissen on the site of their former home, upon incomes derived from the battling.

In the Aisne, which suffered most and at one time had 35,000 huts, but 700 "sinistrés" had not received their due back in 1927 and these were the last of all. The Aisne, as an illustration, received, all told, the equivalent of £120,000,000 in kind or in cash (92 per cent. of German reparations up to 1924 were made in kind). The whole rebuilding became an orgy of grasp and graft in the course of which a good number of genuine victims came out badly enough, what with the collapse of the franc and hasty selling to speculators through lack of confidence in the State at that time. Thus it was a common occurrence for non-victims to step in and buy up damages at a low figure and then go off, on the prospect of the State paying in full as it has done, and build homes, shops, villas by the sea, in totally different parts of the country. Rebuilding the devastated areas!

THE CENTRE OF RHEIMS is desolate, with empty streets, deserted cafés, and even hard by the cathedral, new buildings—to be let

LYON presents to high pro manufactur

A few final figures concerning the huge undertaking. Factories repaired or rebuilt, 9,000. Roads renewed, 40,000 miles. Railways relaid, 1,400 miles. Public buildings rebuilt, 17,616. For putting the earth back in order and rebuilding, vast foreign labour had to be imported. In the chief industries, coal, ore, metallurgy, engineering, linen, wool, cotton, glass, chemicals, sugar, everything was put back on the most sumptuous, labour-saving scale, while fresh industries were freely added such as artificial silk round Amiens and Lille, which also was donated with a new Town Hall, so immense and redolent of money to burn as to form a fitting monument to the whole wild, outrunning itself spending mania. ("Germany would pay.") Up and down the Nord you see similar manifestations of stupid little townlets and even villages possessing public buildings out of all proportion to their importance. Alone the churches have not yet been uniformly rebuilt, though perhaps it is as well since such as have are mostly rose-red demons. One feels that France has lost heavily in her list of 6,123 "ouvrages d'art" to suffer.

But you must go to Lens to see where Mr. Asquith's "patient Hamburg oxen" have delivered the goods most spectacularly. This mining hub is laid out in sweeping avenues and gardens flanked by vast red apartment houses. Garden allotments, sports grounds, concert halls, reading-rooms, co-operative restaurants dot the landscape. There is even an "Artistic Dutch Garden," though Heaven preserve us from the futurist railway station. Light and sanitation are of the latest, while the majority of the miners appear to live in semi-detached villas called "corons" and which have electricity, running water, douches, and other things. Undoubtedly the war promoted a housing revolution in the Nord and Est. It also brought *a one-fourth greater general production locally over 1914*, in which year this neighbourhood ruled supreme in the country. Economists add the view that there is an excess margin of industrial reconstruction, in the liberated regions, varying between 25 and 40 per cent. Such is the bilan, such the incubus, for there is no other word, that this avid over-giving to the North and East has already brought in its train. In 1914 the ten departments paid one-fifth of all fiscal charges. Up to the other day they were paying one-quarter of

JACQUES BUILT

In a Recent Issue of "The Sphere" Appeared a Frank Exposé by Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy of the German Building Mania; the Obverse of the Reparations Medal is here Displayed with Equal Frankness, Showing that France is Just as Unscrupulous in her Finance and Just as Short-sighted in her Policy of Over-production as her Hereditary Foe

By FERDINAND TUOHY

the whole. What they may pay henceforth is a different outlook.

For all the benefits bestowed upon them—adopted towns received nearly £4,000,000, chiefly from ourselves—for all the schools and hospitals and welfare institutes, and horticulture and breeding stock rained upon them, the ex-pays dévastés are in queer case to-day. The countryside is denuded in favour of the urban centres. Take Bailleul, whose population has fallen from 13,000 to 8,000. At the Armistice 2,075,067 lived on in invaded territory. There had been 4,690,183 before the War. To-day there are less than in 1914, and one has to include hundreds of thousands of since imported labour, principally Polish. Demographically, the liberated departments have lost French.

While the Nord and Est were being put on stilts, the development of the whole country, and especially

the features, criticized in this article, of a town geared duction. It was in the Lyon area that most of the war ng was done. To-day there is little work available

of the Centre and Alsace-Lorraine, yielded nothing in intensiveness. For M. Poincaré's, and later M. Tardieu's, public works, largely dependent on German deliveries in kind, the bulk of one-and-a-half million foreigners were imported. Receipts from Germany during a boom year (1927–8) give a good notion of what was going on:—

	£
Total made over - - -	40,200,000
Cash (relieving taxation) - -	22,000,000
Coal, coke - - -	15,000,000
Chemicals, sugar, timber, agricultural products - - -	*2,400,000
Rhine Army - - -	*400,000
Tax on G. imports - -	400,000

*Formerly these figures used to be much higher and the cash less.

This wider tale of the rebuilding of undamaged France is a mighty one, all-embracing, especially following the utilization of Dawes deliveries in kind, and after the 1926 recovery from the franc collapse. In 1914, 2,000 of France's 38,000 communes were electrified. To-day 20,000 are, and they are all destined to be, the improvement of rural conditions being evident, and the loss to production from the flight of youth to the cities, largely compensated for in dairying, ploughing, reaping, wine (the glut of this is pitiable). Sixteen out of France's thirty-seven ports have been entirely overhauled, including a big amount spent on the inland port of Strassburg, to keep in with the truculent and none-too-friendly Alsatians. The piercing of the miles-long Rhône tunnel has given Marseilles a new and vast land-locked harbour. Huge petrol basins are installed at Strassburg and Havre, a national fishing port at Keroman near Lorient, great new dry docks at St. Nazaire and elsewhere capable of holding a "No. 534."

Canal equipment and development have altered the earth from the sky. Thanks to delivery of rolling stock and permanent way, the railways have been renewed, though they still have more accidents than anywhere else and are at the present moment losing £65,000 (gold) a day. But that is considerably due to most of the country being absolved from paying more than part of the fare, for any one of a score of reasons. New stations are everywhere, also post offices, municipal buildings. In works of public utility and in transport you may say the country has been entirely renovated. The Midi railway has been electrified for 1,200 miles, merely a beginning. Two tunnels have been pierced to Spain, and one each to Italy and through the Vosges. Hydraulic power stations in Savoy, the Alps, Auvergne, and the Pyrenees supply most of the central and southern current; thermic stations feed Paris and the North.

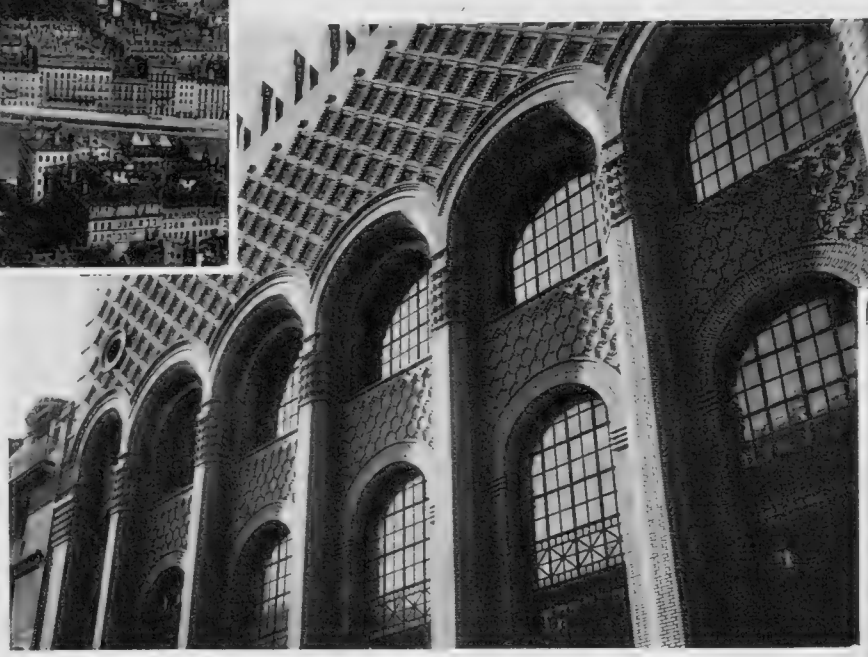
Parallel to this immense State effort, private industry has swollen and known no boundaries. Alsace-Lorraine has doubled its iron ore figures and now also produces 2½ million tons of potash a year, far more than France requires. In metallurgy, engineering, chemicals, as with food and drink and cotton and wool, Alsace has added prodigiously to the national output. A controlling share has been obtained in the Luxemburg steel industry of 2,000,000 tons a year.

France is now by far the greatest producer of iron ore in Europe. She has more steel and pig-iron than ourselves and we used to beat her 4–1. Her collieries are transformed. Pneumatic picks do the work. There are 500 new coke ovens. Coal is developed into by-products on the spot. The country is now independent in dyes, and the electro-chemical industry is concentrated in the mammoth trust of five works, as the Comité des Forges have heavy industry "sewn up" and Schneider Creusot armaments. And need one mention the hotel and dependent industries? Foreign visitors have been officially computed to leave between £96,000,000 and £120,000,000 annually in the country.

But what over-production, what over-production! For so sparsely populated and (now) rather isolated a land! Take at random machine lace factories at Le Puy. In 1919, three. In 1928, eighty-five.

From all corners of the compass it is the same story of insensate competition. As soon as some new and wondrous factory, say, in the refitted North begins spraying out bricks or cement or rubber or leather or beer, others in the same line in the non-war areas lose no time in building up to compete; and with the aid of an imported technical efficiency from America, ourselves, and Germany, and also on the strength of unending machine tools from the latter country, delivered in kind and going far to promote the churning out of automobiles.

Yet are these full houses that France or Fritz or anybody else has built such undivided blessings these times? On paper France looks in wonderful trim. And, certainly, she does seem to have recouped some on that War. But what, in actual fact, is her close horizon?



FRANCE ALSO GOES MODERN: Architecturally speaking, to judge by this brick-work on the new Institute of Art and Archæology, which recalls rather the school of building associated almost exclusively with the Teutonic—not the Latin—civilization

Practically everything vital is being subsidized—indirect form of inflation—and £26,000,000 has had to be hastily allotted towards *further* national development in order to find work for 100,000 men. The while the Government gives away money like Socialists, causing some to fear another franc collapse one day. The Bank of France's £20,000,000 loss on sterling was met by the State which has also put millions of pounds at the disposal of other banks, sometimes openly, sometimes not. The biggest shipping line, which admittedly falsified its balance sheet, is being kept afloat with further millions (sterling) and subsidies have gone out to aviation, wireless, to agriculture and to the railways.

And all this with the budget unbalanced, income tax sinking everywhere, a thousand bankruptcies a month, and France's export trade threatened with complete collapse from several causes, political and other; the trade balance down by £160,000,000 on 1929. After a brief period last autumn of stroking their tummies and saying, "Yes, we are reason's own people, and we are in clover, and we deserve it," the French saw the possible pecuniary drawbacks of such attitude and the mot d'ordre now is rather to join in the dismal international chorus of "Look how badly off *we* are!" France is badly off. But hardly in the way she would have us suppose: suffering from world ills coupled with betrayals and animosities.

To some it may appear that while Reparations have indubitably bestowed much comfort, well-being, and efficiency on the victors, and righted a great wrong, they have also been a boomerang for these same victors. It was all foretold, but here it is now staring us in the face. One sees France's handicap in her being organized for mountainous production. She could support herself, yes, but the gift of machinery without end now ranges beyond that: she must now support its victims. She simply *must* trade her surpluses to foreign markets. An unsettling situation and prospect, if we cast back upon history.

Thus far there is no sign of any tendency to tread more lightly with Monsieur Frankenstein, of Industry. On the contrary, we see the Republic not *yet* having had enough of these Reparations she has so gorged upon, standing out for still *more* cash or kind which can only in the long run go into further development and eventually add to the already overstacked contents of warehouses. The enlightened Caillaux recognizes it all. He says that only 10 per cent. of the country is with the stone-walling Laval, with the pied-de-la-lettre, ghostly Poincaré. He would, of course, stop the German gift poison. The sacred right to Reparations may have grown into the sacred right to keep Germany in leash: the affectation being lack of trust: the reality rather lack of markets and the pursuit by Marianne of the German Michael with a view to forcing him into a marriage very much of interest.

A sentence in Mr. Tuohy's recent German article may have created the impression that all Germans on the dole receive five marks a day. Only the highest of eleven graduated categories receive this amount. Nevertheless, the German dole system is much the most expensive after our own.

LILLE AND OTHER INDUSTRIAL CITIES are rationalized out of existence—with all the means of over-production and, by way of contrast, rattling cash-boxes of Lille's unemployed

BRIGHTER LONDON

Every day in every way London is getting brighter and brighter! The ancient charge of its being a city for elderly prelates was always unjustified, but now, despite Dora, it cannot be made even with a semblance of plausibility. The four pictures appearing below show random phases of the social life of the metropolis. In the centre column London's latest attraction—Bridge Matches—is discussed in detail

CANINE AUCTIONEERS: Mr. Sonnie Hale and Miss Jessie Matthews acted as auctioneers at a dog sale at the Piccadilly Hotel; the wares came from the Dog's Home, Battersea

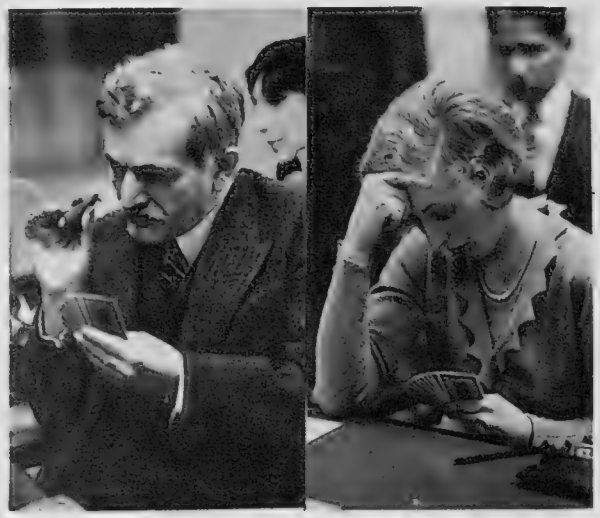
AN AERIAL OCCASION: Mr. Hinkler, Mrs. Cotton, Captain Finlay, the Hon. Mrs. Sempill, and Mr. England at the dance at Hanworth, which the R.N. Flying Club has now adopted as its G.H.Q.

NOT THE BRIDESMAIDS but the groomsmen at Lord Jersey's marriage, in an unusual wedding group outside St. Margaret's, Westminster

WEDDING GROUP: Mr. Robert Ropner, grandson of the late Sir Robert Ropner, Bart., and his bride, Miss Bee Lacon, daughter of the late Sir E. B. Lacon, leaving St. Margaret's

BETTER BRIDGE

MID-HAND CONCENTRATION: Dr. F. W. Goudsmit, one of the brothers who are regarded as the Dutch champions, indulges in a little serious thought as to card probabilities and card placing—two phases of the game in which he is diabolically clever—a scene at the Grosvenor



CHESS AND BRIDGE, both are easy for Dr. Emanuel Lasker, whose play has surprised even the Crockford cracks

INDECISION: Mrs. Renshaw, playing for Crockford's No. 3 team, is doubtful about the best method of attacking the hand

ANGLO-DUTCH: The No. 1 team of Crockford's—Sir Guy Domville (left) and Mr. E. Maier, playing against Dr. E. C. Goudsmit (back to camera) and Dr. F. W. Goudsmit. At the corner of the table is Mrs. Gordon Evers, a noted referee

CROCKFORD'S NO. 2 TEAM—Captain Jack Dalton and Mrs. Bosworth—in play against Drs. Lasker and Landau of Holland. Dr. Lasker is the ex-chess champion of the world

Following on the nonsensical Bridge Marathon in America, two real international matches are being held simultaneously in London. Three teams from Crockford's are playing matches in duplicate against a Dutch and German team. As we go to press, we are losing to the former and beating the latter

THE CAMERA AND CRIME

The fatal attack on a City typist at the entrance to the offices in which she was employed revealed the use to which the camera is put during a police enquiry following such an event. The prompt arrest of a man and his charge last Friday with the crime has re-established confidence in the police—already improved, after various recent scandals and fears, by their handling of the Dartmoor Mutiny

AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER from Scotland Yard records the bottom of the staircase, up which led a trail of blood, at Fore Street, Moorgate—where the murdered body of Miss Annette Friedson was found

SEARCHING FOR CLUES: Every effort to find possible objects connected with the attack on Miss Friedson, the City typist found dead in the office of Messrs. H. R. Munns and Co. In this task City of London workmen were supervised by the police

THE SCENE OF THE CRIME: The exterior of the office of Messrs. H. R. Munns and Co., Fore Street, Moorgate. A man—Maurice Freedman—arrested at Finchley, has already been charged with the murder

CAN GERMANY PAY?

Conflicting Facets of Life in Germany

GERMANY CAN SPEND even though she cry poverty to her creditors, as is evidenced by this new picture of the winter sales in Berlin. Prices, however, are down by 75 per cent.

GERMANY CAN BUILD, and her passion for building anew, more especially industrially, is exemplified in this picture of the benzol towers of the gasworks in Berlin Tegel and not, as might be thought, in the Ruhr. The stupendous enterprise of the country in rebuilding (not setting in order!) her house on money borrowed from the nations who defeated her was exposed in "The Sphere" of a few weeks ago

GERMANY CAN EMBELLISH her towns with museums, town-halls, and other luxuries in the structural line. This aerial view of the new buildings for the National Museum at Munich shows, to an eye like that of France, unblinded by sentiment, just how destitute the vanquished aggressor of Europe is—or is not!

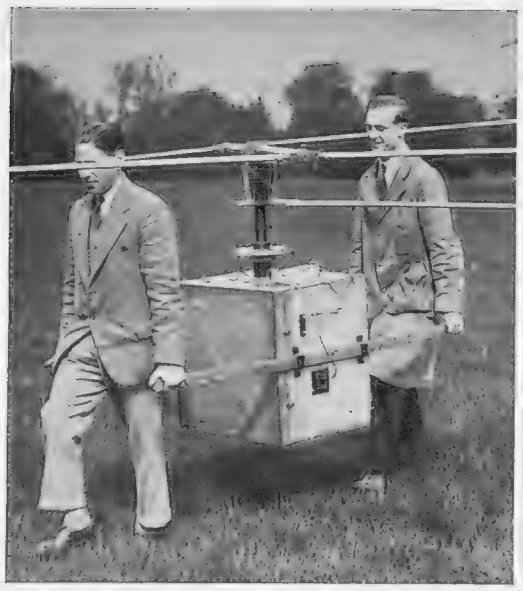
GERMANY CAN WAX FAT as this member of the Stahlhelm organization shows; further, the picture proves that Germany can also concern herself financially with military —or quasi-military—preparations

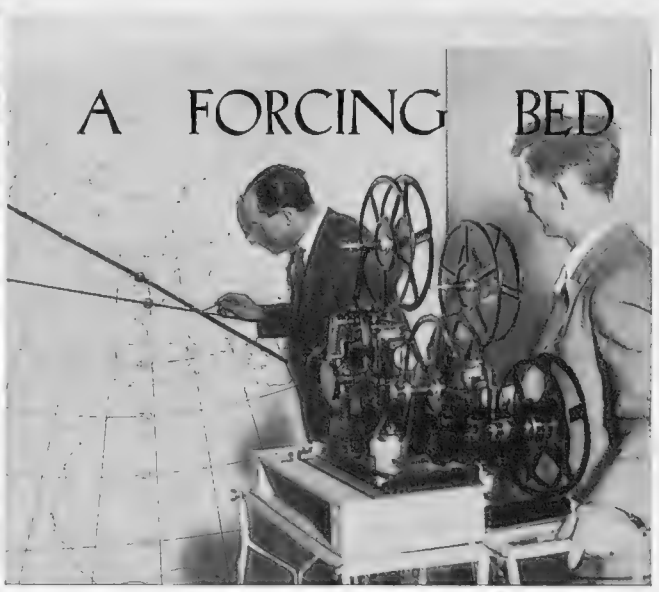
GERMANY CAN CONSTRUCT huge modernist buildings like this extension to the women's clinic in Artilleriestrasse, Berlin, which has just been completed. It holds 250 beds and is lavishly equipped with the latest apparatus

GERMANY CAN ENLARGE her existing educational establishments, as is clearly demonstrated by this view of the new Physical Institute of the Technische Hochschule, Berlin—analogous to our Polytechnic. Professor Hertz, the winner of a Nobel Prize and the director of the new Physical Institute, is seen speaking in the lecture hall—the largest lecture hall in Berlin

BUT GERMANY IS STILL DESTITUTE as is evidenced by this facet of her national life; voluntary workers go from house to house to collect cast-off clothes for a huge proportion of the population who are in desperate need

A FORCING BED FOR MIRACLES





LOCATING THUNDERSTORMS BY WIRELESS: At the Radio Research Station at Slough, a direction-finder (*seen on the left*) is used to pick up the atmospheric disturbances, and projects them on to a cathode ray oscillograph which emits sparks. A film is made of these and compared with a similar film made at Leuchars, Scotland, at the same instant. The two films are projected on to a map of the world and the intersection of the lines definitely fixes the point smitten by the storm

THE HOLD OF A SHIP ON LAND: The Ditton Laboratory, East Malling, Kent. Herein all conditions of such a receptacle can be duplicated with reference to temperature, humidity, and, in fact, everything but motion. Tropic heat and arctic cold can be created at will and maintained to reproduce the conditions, for the same periods of time, of any given sea voyage

PACKING AND TESTING: The best treatment of travelling apples is discovered by constant experiment at East Malling, where the conditions of a ship's hold are identically reproduced. *On left*, boxes of apples are seen on an escalator; *on right* is a scene in the laboratory. The bundles of rubber tubing each contain a series of wires attached to one of the 200 electric thermometers concealed among the boxes. The wooden shafts projecting from the cargo are new "dunnage" inventions to secure ventilation by means of vertical passages for air circulation

IN THE TECHNICAL LABORATORY: *On left* is a cocoa roaster, a kek mill for testing the icing of cakes, and a group of refrigerators. Here a great deal of food research is done. *On right* is a corner of the bacteriological laboratory

It may seem a far cry from apples to aeroplanes, from woollen goods to wireless, or from chocolates to concrete sea-walls. Similarly at first sight there is no connection between wool and boot uppers, or the laboratory bench and the butcher's block or the fishmonger's slab. Yet the D.S.I.R., as the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research is known, takes all these things in its stride, and in its thousand and one activities apples are just as important as aeroplanes, and "bloom" on chocolates receives attention just as does the weathering of building stone. Founded during the War by the Government, the D.S.I.R. was given £1,000,000 to enable it to encourage the industries of this country to undertake research. The department can be proud of its efforts, for they have led to the establishment of autonomous research bodies for some twenty industrial groups. It also conducts much research work besides that done by these associations, all of eventual benefit to industry and the public.

Consider how the work of the D.S.I.R. affects all of us. Everyone hates "skidding," whether in an omnibus or in their own car. The National Physical Laboratory carries out skidding tests with specially constructed vehicles, with a view to finding a non-skid road surface. Many people hate rough seas and rolling ships, so model ships are being tested continually in the Alfred Yarrow tank at the National Physical Laboratory so that Channel and Atlantic crossings may be happier and smoother. Fruit, meat, and vegetables are vital factors in life. At East Malling, in Kent, the department's research station is experimenting continually in the best methods of storing and preventing wastage of fruit. The proper conditioning of meat, the preservation of "bloom," the freshly-killed appearance of meat, involving the scientific study of frozen lamb from the abattoir in New Zealand to Smithfield, and the proper handling and storing of fish have been the subjects of research by the D.S.I.R.

In a totally different field the work of the department has resulted in the invention of new machines to cheapen costs of production in the textile industries. A new carding machine requiring two cylinders instead of six, taking up less space and meaning in consequence lower costs, has been devised for the wool industry. As the result of laboratory experiments products resembling leather and suitable for gloves, boot uppers, and coats can now be made from wool. Silk stockings will ladder less in future, thanks to the Silk Research Association. Flannels will stay white instead of becoming yellow after washings.

The D.S.I.R. also works to preserve national treasures. The laboratory at the British Museum, now transferred to the Museum authorities, renovated the Harari collection of twelfth century Persian silver and some of the priceless treasures from Ur of the Chaldees. It also examined the chalice and paten found in Archbishop Hubert Walter's tomb in Canterbury Cathedral, and established the genuineness of the relics from the Lombard chieftain's tomb. In contrast, it is working continually on the development of a permanent method of fireproofing for aeroplane fabrics, and on the practical study of the "atmospherics" that trouble our wireless on occasions.

The Fuel Research Station at Greenwich examines the problems of the coal industry. The production of oil and motor fuel from coal; the prevention of smoke pollution, an ever-present menace to health; gas production; the examination of tars; heat transfers, and the hydrogenation and cleaning of coal are some of the objects of its researches. The Forest Products Research laboratory is making useful discoveries continually. It has devised a method of creosoting British Columbian Douglas fir, a timber which British users had hitherto considered impossible to treat with satisfactory results. At the same time it has been found possible to recondition satisfactorily Tasmanian oak, which is a popular flooring timber.

These are but a few of the department's activities. Others include the preservation of the good appearance of chocolates and sweets, the prevention of squeak in boots and the cracking of patent leather, war on the ravages of the deathwatch and lyctus beetles, dental investigation, and even methods of testing laundry irons for excessive heat likely to damage fabrics.

SIX MILES STRAIGHT UP

At 30,000 ft. an airplane cannot be seen from the ground. Thin, creamy ribbons form behind the planes, frozen moisture and gases from the exhausts.

The first time I went up to the "ceiling" I put on my heavy, fleece-lined leather flying suit, slipped fur-lined moccasins over my shoes, adjusted my face mask, goggles, and helmet, stuffed myself into the cockpit, and took off. The powerful engine pulled me up five miles in 33 min. In order to be near the airdrome in case anything went wrong, I climbed in wide circles until I reached that altitude. It was the first time I had been higher than 16,000 ft., but the additional 9,000 ft. didn't seem to carry me much farther from the earth. The day was very clear, and I could see across the mountain range to the Imperial Valley, 125 miles distant. The mountains, whose peaks rear 8,000 ft. toward heaven, appeared to be only a series of foot-hills.

I encountered no high winds during that flight, but I learned how intensely cold it becomes five miles above the earth. The temperatures vary from 40 to 60 deg. below zero. It seemed to me nearer 100 deg. below zero.

On later high altitude runs I have encountered winds of such velocity that my 'plane would remain stationary over one point even though the propeller was turning at its maximum speed. I had that experience during my first attempt at an altitude formation flight. I had not contemplated running into heavy winds. Suddenly, as my altimeter recorded 25,000 ft. I realized I was flying over Tijuana, about fifteen miles from my rendezvous on the ceiling. Then I headed my 'plane west towards the airdrome.

After flying with the motor full open for the prescribed thirty minutes I still was in the same position over Tijuana, and in order to get back I was forced to descend to the 18,000 ft. level, where I started to make some progress. The gale that I had left was blowing at least 130 m.p.h., which was my approximate speed at that altitude.

The oxygen supply is good for about an hour. Pilots have no automatic control to govern oxygen supply, and constantly as they climbed they would adjust the oxygen regulator. No oxygen is used during the first 15,000 ft. In fact, little is taken until they pass the 20,000 ft. level. From then on each pilot uses it in large quantities, breathing it in through a tube held between the teeth. While the supply is regulated automatically, each pilot can govern it easily by reaching down to the regulator alongside his seat. Each pilot takes large quantities of oxygen above 25,000 ft.; so much, in fact, that the tanks soon are exhausted.

The pilots' minds function differently in the presence of low oxygen. The 'plane feels loggy. The motor doesn't sound the same, the explosions being somewhat more dull than at lower levels. Noises do not seem so loud. When I let up on my oxygen supply things seem a little dark. The sun begins to fade. But after a good whiff of oxygen things brighten up and noises seem louder. In case the oxygen runs out and the tube drops from a pilot's mouth, he dives as fast as he can to lower levels.

While I have never suffered loss of oxygen several times I have tried long, fast dives just for the experience. In case a pilot loses his oxygen tube he need not hold his breath. He shoves the stick forward, noses the ship downward, and dives 15,000 ft. at 325 m.p.h. He travels three miles downward in less than 35 seconds. The pressure of the air beating in from each side of the cockpit is so great he cannot breathe at all if he tries to put his head out into the slipstream. Once I stuck my nose out while diving at this rate just to see what would happen. I couldn't breathe! The pressure drew the air out of my nose and mouth. After I had put my head behind the wind-shield I had no trouble in breathing, however.

The intense cold complicates the high altitude problem considerably. Oils and greases freeze. Grease on the stabilizer controls freezes and makes it almost impossible to wind the stabilizer up and down. Even the ailerons, generally so easy to operate, become stiff on account of frozen grease in the joints. That is only one reason why we sat as quietly as possible and moved no more than necessary during an altitude climb. Any movement of the controls retarded both the speed and climb of the ship.

MONSTERS OF THE "CEILING": A group of the 95th Pursuit Squadron. Lieutenant I. A. Woodring, U.S. Army Air Corps, the author of the accompanying notes, is the shortest figure (second from left) in the line. The helmets are regulation and are lined with thin leather; the goggles fit tightly over the face mask. Gloves are made of two pieces—a leather outer glove and an interior woollen mitten, both of which are designed to permit of free finger-play

THE PILOTS ARE REVEALED as quite human-looking fellows when divested of their masks and goggles! The uniform for "ceiling" flying is especially designed to give the maximum of both warmth and mobility; but the exact type of kit is left within limitations to the individual taste of the pilot concerned

FLYING IN FORMATION: An impressive picture of the Boring fighters—the smallest military machines of their type in the world

"TRAILING CLOUDS OF"—GASES! In the upper air, the exhaust condenses and forms trails which give the only indication to the earth of the presence of the machines in the sky

WONDERS of the Insurance WORLD

Insure and Be Safe is the Comfortable and Compelling Advice of the Experienced : The Discovery is Made that You Can Insure Anything or Anybody, from the Life of King George to the Sale of Buns at a Cricket Match

By CHARLES GRAVES

I have always thought that insurance would furnish one of the most fascinating business studies imaginable. Well, I have studied it to the best of my ability this week, and it has fulfilled all expectations.

The growth of insurance in this country is the most remarkable of all the financial developments of the past forty years. Take the matter of fire insurance. The gross amount insured against fire during 1929—the most recent year for which statistics are available—was no less than £2,269,697,778, which is £1,000,000,000 more than it was seventeen years ago. Incidentally, the fact that only £79,000 had to be paid in premiums during 1929 to protect this vast amount is the highest possible tribute to modern civilization and the London Fire Brigade. Has it ever occurred to you when insuring your own house that the rate is £35 a million?

And yet fires are frequent and sometimes devastating. The damage to Madame Tussaud's in 1925 was £250,000, and the Victoria Dock in 1923 suffered to the tune of a round million. But our great insurance companies do not confine themselves, of course, to British property. When the famous earthquake at San Francisco took place in 1906 the London Assurance had to pay out £1,400,000, the Royal £1,350,000, the London and Lancashire £1,000,000. Eight others had to pay out more than £700,000, and seven others had to pay out more than £350,000. In the case of the Japanese earthquake in 1923 the actual loss was estimated at £200,000,000 and the insurance at £175,000,000. British offices, however, disclaimed liability, presumably on the grounds that it was "an act of God"—a phenomenon of which there has never been a satisfactory definition. Later, though, they made an *ex gratia* payment of the current year's premiums.

You will have to excuse me if this article is riddled with figures. But it is inevitable, even though I do my best to keep clear of them. The original kind of insurance was marine. England, being a nation that depends on her sea communications and her imports and exports, soon found that it was necessary to insure against loss by storm and shipwreck. Within living memory the composite insurance offices of to-day were transacting either fire and life insurances or confined themselves to some particular kind of business. Since then amalgamations have become the order of the day, and these big offices are doing every kind of business, from insuring you against straining an ankle in Switzerland to loss from the absconding of a fraudulent bank clerk. It is not until one realizes how many kinds of insurances there are that it is possible to get any kind of grip on the situation. So I had better enumerate a few of them.

Alphabetically, a start is with accidents (personal) and disease. Then come accountants' indemnity, agricultural tractors, annuities immediate or deferred, art property, and aviation. Take the Bs—you have baggage, bloodstock, boilers, and burglary. Take F with fidelity guarantees, foot-and-mouth disease, forged transfers, and furriers' indemnities. The G section reminds you that a golfer can insure against his golf clubs being stolen. Then you find that you can insure yourself against hailstones, libel, losing your keys, the non-renewal of your licence, and against marriage risks—whatever they are. A mariner can insure against the loss of his certificate, builders can insure against their cranes falling. Other sections are missing documents, missing beneficiaries, petrol pump installations, refrigerating plant, riot and civil commotion, storm and tempest, sprinkler leakage, and wireless. You can insure against losing registered letters in the post, against having your plate-glass windows smashed or cut, as well as all the ordinary motor-car, tourist, and other risks.

THE RISK OF FIRE *has always been one of the gravest terrors known to man and, after the invention of insurance, was one of the first accidents to be "covered." The picture is of a victim of the San Francisco earthquake of '06*

Having given that list, it is hard to know where to begin. Perhaps life insurance is as interesting as any. It may interest you to know that the premiums paid to the various English insurance companies in 1930 amounted to £43,800,000, which was nearly two million more than the previous year. What intrigued me most when I discussed the business with the General Manager of one of the three largest insurance companies in Great Britain, was to hear that the life of a certain English duke is insured for £400,000. You can probably guess who he is. I saw him only a few evenings ago. The next time I see him I shall gaze at him with more respect than usual. There are hundreds of men in England whose lives are insured for more than £100,000. It is only when you reach the £200,000 that the numbers start to dwindle. No wonder the deaths column in the newspapers interests the insurance companies, particularly when the medical officer has made a slight error and has passed a man as a good life who promptly dies five weeks later after only one fat instalment. The heads of half-a-dozen insurance companies will know what I am referring to here.

The biggest bugbears of insurance companies which speculate in life insurance are diabetes and angina pectoris. Speaking very roughly, angina pectoris is an illness of the heart where the pipes conducting the blood get choked up, and the victim dies. The trouble is that the best heart specialist cannot tell for certain whether you are suffering from it, even though your blood pressure ought to be some indication. Ask Harry Preston about this. He told me once that he was refused a life insurance because it was thought that he had a bad heart nearly half-a-century ago. And he is still with us, as well as ever I am glad to say.

There was another peer whose death cost £300,000 quite recently, while a man who was insured for a similar sum blew his brains out. In a case of suicide like that, the insurance companies have to pay if some third person has an interest in the policy. It was also decided two years ago in the case of Podmore, the murderer, that his mother, who had effected an insurance on the life of her son, should be entitled to the money, even though it was contrary to public policy to pay the sum assured to anyone claiming under or through a person dying at the hands of justice.

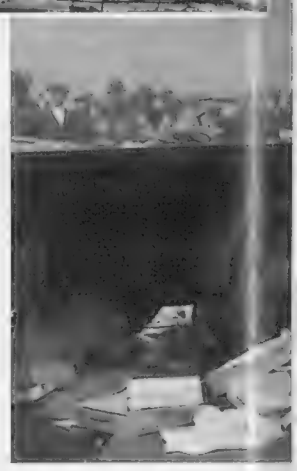


PLATE GLASS *is insured the stock inside, for not burglars, and accidents of sidered, but there is also was ept*

By contrast with these life insurances which run into hundreds of thousands of pounds, there are countless policies effected for as little as £100, and even a few for £50. The truth of the matter is that during the past few years the life insurance companies have done better than ever, either in spite of, or more probably because of, the slump. This is a notable testimonial for insurance companies although, per head of the population, we are still very much less insured than Americans, and it is attributed to the Hatry crash, the Kylsant affair, and the Wheeler disaster. Business men who feel that they do not want to put any more money into their concerns during the depression increase their life insurance policies instead, though now this single premium policy has been discontinued.

THE RISK OF THE ROAD *from one of the most vital and most considerable branches of insurance—a field that is widening every day with the rapid increase in motor transport, passenger and commercial*

The latest kind of insurance which has been instituted to cope with worried husbands is a kind of family insurance which provides, besides a permanent insurance, an additional benefit of a temporary character. The principle is that if the husband dies in the first twenty years, an income is payable to the widow for the remainder of that period. Supposing he was insured for £500 and died in the third year, his widow would get not only the £500 but also £60 a year for the next seventeen years. If, of course, he does not die inside the first twenty years, his widow gets only the £500 at his ultimate demise. The increased death duties and the increased income tax are further reasons why life insurance policies are increasing so fast. A life insurance policy is, perhaps, the most easily negotiated financial document you can have. On the other hand, the insurance companies consider it a great shame that a life insurance is counted as part of the dead person's estate, and they intend to move heaven and earth to get this altered. But it sounds a trifle optimistic of them.

The most intriguing life insurances of all are those that deal with "compound survivals," as they call them. It needs the higher mathematics and the calculus to determine what the odds are in such cases. The day I spoke to the actuary of a great Insurance Company on this subject he had just been asked to quote a

premium in the case of a client who wanted to insure himself against the risk of three healthy men aged thirty, thirty-two and thirty-five, dying before a woman of sixty-two. "If I really had worked it out by the integral calculus and fancy mathematics, I might have spent hours over it," he said. "As a matter of fact, in wildly remote cases like this, one is rather inclined just to think of a number and quote it. The actual premium would probably be ten shillings to cover the risk of £1,000, but you have to make it at least seven guineas because the doctor's bills would amount to about five guineas—for the examination I mean—and there is all the book-work as well. On an average, I or my staff have actually to go into the realms of the calculus and higher mathematics about once a week. You see, we actuaries must always be able to quote out of the way benefits when additional contingencies such as remarriage and the possible birth of issue are involved.

"Suppose a man is the tenant, during his lifetime, of an entailed estate which on his death goes to his children, or, failing them, to the next of kin. Suppose, moreover, he is sixty years old, and his wife is the same age, and there are no heirs. Obviously, then, the odds are in favour of the next of kin. Supposing the next of kin want to borrow money on reversion, they will be advised to take out a policy against the treble risk of the first wife dying first, the husband marrying again, and on top of that, of his becoming a father. In a case like that we want to know whether the wife is in good health. That is the major consideration. The classical case of this concerns an Irish peer who remarried at the age of eighty and became a father at the age of eighty-two. No doubt you know whom I mean. But that, I say, is the classical case of a long shot coming off, for the next of kin all insured against this extremely improbable contingency."

When I suggested to him that in the case of compound survivals the widespread popularity of motor cars made it quite possible for a whole family to be wiped out in a single accident, the actuary laughed. "It is quite true," he said, "that the motor car has introduced an entirely new element of risk into our lives, just as the aeroplane has done. But you must remember that far less port is drunk nowadays, and I should say that this more than counterbalances motor cars. Besides, you must remember that the medical world has got tuberculosis more or less under control. As for cancer, it is very much a problem whether it is really increasing as fast as might be supposed. Many people think that it is no more prevalent than before, and that it is merely a question of more doctors diagnosing wasting diseases by that name. There is no doubt at all that the public expectation of life is lengthening every year. This is due primarily to better sanitation, better medical advice, and the fact that the services of doctors and nurses are now available for a lower stratum of the population than ever before. The fact that children's teeth are dealt with in the schools is also of paramount importance, for you must remember that we are dealing with mass statistics."

by shopkeepers nowadays, as well as only are there smash-and-grab raiders, the type shown in this picture to be con- the question of window slashing which demic a short time ago

I next spoke to the general manager of an insurance company. "Some people," he said sadly, "seem to regard insurance as money paid away for which they must necessarily get something back. That is not reasonable. The real principle of insurance is that it is an indemnity. So that if you have a loss and are insured, you are neither a gainer nor a loser. Life insurance is undoubtedly the finest form of saving extant. If a man can guarantee to live until the date he decides upon—well and good. But even then, will he save? The chances are that if he wants to buy a motor car he will stop saving; whereas if he has already paid a number of premiums on his life, he feels he must go on so as not to lose either the whole or the part of his disbursements."

He then went on to tell me that the largest number of life insurances extant are all on the King. These possibly amount to as much as £15,000,000. Needless to say, the vast majority of them are transacted on behalf of business people who are in no way connected with the Royal Family. They realize, however, that King George is integral to the British Empire, and his popularity is such that if he had not survived his illness two years ago business would have been at a standstill. Take a draper, for example, just before Christmas. He must of necessity insure himself against the risk of his stocks being left entirely on his hands in such an eventuality, or take a theatrical producer who is putting on a pantomime. He, too, must insure himself.

The amount of short-term insurance on the late King Edward's life was immense just before his death. When the Bournemouth centenary occurred this general manager was asked to insure his life for six months. But the market was so full that he could only do it at a rate of £5 per cent. The premium was paid, and King Edward died. No doubt the Bournemouth doctors knew the state of his health, for this was a terrific premium to pay over six months.

The reason why the King's life is so heavily insured is because very many deeds are drawn up which apply only to the life of certain members of the Royal Family. I forget how many descendants Queen Victoria now has, but the phrase, "Members of the Royal Family," means in insurance circles the immediate family, sons, daughters, sisters, uncles, aunts (if any), brothers (if any), and grandchildren of the reigning sovereign. Thus Lord Carisbrooke would have counted as a member of the Royal Family while Queen Victoria was alive, but he does not do so to-day. At the present moment very few insurances of this particular type are being transacted. One final note about life insurance is that the companies operate on a margin of 22 per cent. more expectation of life than they allow for in their policies. This, however, rises to 30 per cent. and even 40 per cent. in the case of teetotallers. I am surprised that brewers and wine merchants do not come out with a slogan, "Drink, and don't let the insurance companies wax fat at your expense."

In an article of this length, it is obviously impossible to cover more than a trifle of the fringe of this vast subject. But I must make some reference to the Employers' Liability in this country. Most of the insurance companies consider it badly arranged when compared with the rule in Belgium, where, if an employee is permanently injured, he is given an annuity instead of a lump sum down. In England it often happens that a man is given the lump sum, starts up a shop, goes bankrupt, and is then on the Poor Law.

Finally, one comes to the Pluvius policy, as they call the insurances against rain. During a long conversation with a young man who controls them in this country, and, indeed, all over the world, a number of entertaining facts and figures emerged. Thus, the Meteorological Office's definition of a rainy day in this country sets the very high standard of there being as little as ·01 of an inch. This was found to be impracticable for a basis of insurance, and so ·1 of an inch was set as the measurement, which is equivalent to not more than two hours' rainfall. In the case of lawn tennis and cricket matches, this is not practicable, as there may have been such heavy rainfall on the previous night that play is impossible. So the policy is based on whether the programme is carried out or not.

It is even more difficult to define what is meant by fog when the question of insurance arises. But the usual procedure is to consider a foggy day any day when the fog signals are used on the railways. It would obviously be unbusinesslike to leave it to the assured person to say "it was not fine." In this country a third of all the weather-premiums are involved during June. The usual duration of the insured period in this country is eight hours, which can be chosen by the man who is paying the premium. In Switzerland the usual duration is two hours in the summer. It is impossible to insure snow in Switzerland, because there are no proper statistics or records, as everybody knows who has gone out there when the Berne office says there are two feet of snow at the resort he has chosen, and then finds there are less than two inches.

This young man, on behalf of his company, insures the weather all over the world, so what he loses on the swings he makes up on the roundabouts. Last year, for example, his company lost money in Great Britain, and made heavily in America and Australia, particularly the latter. It impresses one as being rather incredible that promoters of bull fights in South America look up at the sky on a rainy day when attendance is poor and rub their hands at the thought of this young man in London. The heaviest risk on a single day that he undertakes is for £8,000 at the Stade Roland Garros in Paris, when the French equivalent of the Hendon Air Pageant is staged. He has done it for eight years now, and it has been glorious weather each time ("touch wood," he says). By contrast, he had to pay out 120,000 francs because of the rain on the Sunday last year when the semi-finals of the French International Lawn Tennis Championships had to be postponed.

Perhaps the Travel Association of Great Britain would like to know that the weather in Paris is less than 10 per cent. better than it is in London, although many people seem to think that they are going to swelter in the tropics when they go across the Channel. This Christmas a heavy claim had to be paid at Malta because it rained steadily on the day of the annual football match between the Navy and the Town. In Italy there is any amount of business done by this young man in insuring fine weather for football matches and open-air opera.

When these Pluvius policies were inaugurated eight years ago, all kinds of stunts were tried. It has now settled down to a steady business on the most prosaic lines, based on the meteorological statistics from 1881 to 1915. Although the insurance company is aware that weather runs in cycles, it is impossible to take it into account. This summer, by all accounts, is going to be fine and dry, just as last summer was wet. But no difference can be made.

By experience and statistics, it has been found that June and September in this country are the driest months, and so the cheapest premiums are in vogue. Oddly enough, February, despite its nickname of Filldyke, is usually a fine month, and the premiums are lower than in March. November is usually a good month, too. By contrast, August is so bad that the premiums are only 5 per cent. lower than they are in January. Speaking generally, this young man has weather policies operating throughout the world 320 days in the year.

THE ALFRESCO GALA, *with all its subsidiary expenses for entertainment, mental and physical, must be covered by insurance lest a wet day bring receipts to nil while diminishing in no way disbursements*

AEROPLANE INSURANCE *covers not only the risk to pilot and machine, but may include damage done to property through things being dropped from the 'plane or through forced landing*

SLEEPING BENEATH

A CEMETERY IN THE DESERT which marks unmistakably the ancient caravan route, itself determined by the need for water. The cupola-ed temple is the grave of a Marabout, a Holy Man of Islam, whose saintliness is determined not by official canonization but by his life. Such tombs are used by Muslim invalid children, as Lourdes is used by the Catholics, as places of miraculous cures; also chains of rags are hung up therein, one rag being added by each praying passer-by. The rags are subsequently used as talismans

A ROYAL TOMB: The graves marked by three stones are those of princes; those with only two, of princesses

A BROKEN PLATE may mark a grave for identification. This is not to be confused with the old heathen practice of providing utensils and food for the dead on their voyage to the land of souls

Although buried under the decay and oblivion of centuries, writes a correspondent who has just returned from the North Sahara, they ever and again peer forth out of the endless sea of sand of the wandering dunes, those peculiar burial-places in which, in the course of time, the endless procession of caravans in its struggle with the wilderness has interred its dead, and where, beneath artistic cupola arches, wandering nomad peoples have at some time buried their kings and princes. These are the great cemeteries of the wanderers of the desert of the Sahara. Often it is a matter of days only, and then again of months and years before the next wave of the masses of sand flows over them and once more covers them with its endless shroud. It is these graves, destroyed by time and weather which, together with the bones of the camels which have fallen by the roadside, serve more surely than any modern road signs which have been attempted as guides of the general course of the wide caravan roads which traverse the Sahara.

IDENTIFICATION: The graves are so similar in the desert that anything may be affixed to them for identification

A GIG
cir
Af

Revel
Muham
tion of
that it
back.
becaus
the pre
monoto
graves
orname
dead.
order to
on one
fractur
tin sau
in the
In th
grave o
orname
meanin
namely,
of Islam
those t
articles
All t
white c
graves
have al
cupola,
internal
engagin

THE DESERT SANDS

HALF-BURIED IN SAND: The cemeteries of the desert may lie hidden for years after a sandstorm, and later may become exposed for centuries owing to the action of another storm. Such storm actions are unpredictable

GANTIC ROYAL TOMB, conical in form, rising from a columnated circular base, is one of the more imposing monuments of French North Africa. It is to be found in Medracen, in the province of Constantine, and, despite minor breakages, is in a remarkable state of preservation

IN AN ECSTASY OF PRAYER: A nomad of the desert presents his petition before the grave of an unofficial but "natural" Islamic saint—a Marabout. These graves are known as places of miraculous cures

verence for the dead ranks among the principal duties of the believing mmadan. There are African tribes among whom the constant connec- of the living with the mighty army of their dead has led to the result it has not been permissible to destroy any grave for a thousand years Often severe economic injury is thus occasioned to the living use the area of the city of the dead exceeds many times the extent of present-day settlement and takes up valuable soil. The infinite tony of these graves and the impossibility of recognizing the individual s for want of all points of guidance explains the peculiar grave ments which the son of the desert devotes to the memory of his The graves are decorated, not for the purpose of beauty, but in to be able to find them again. A broken plate, held down by a stone, e grave, by its paint or perhaps merely the character of the break or ure, makes the grave recognizable among thousands. Here a rusted ucer, there an old bottle, in the neck of which a palm frond flutters e gentle wind of the desert.

this way these peculiar desert graves serve both as monument and ornamentation, for whence should the lifeless Sahara conjure up an ment of flowers and the like? But a further and no doubt the deepest ing underlies this seemingly grotesque aggregation of objects of interest, ly, a cult of the dead which dates back far earlier than the beginning am, back to those times when into the grave along with the dead went things to which he was particularly attached on earth, his daily es of use, his fare for consumption on the journey.

that stands out in this mighty desolation are here and there the cupola graves of the Marabouts, those Holy Men of Islam. At the s of these Marabouts the most curious of rites are performed, which also been handed on from heathen times. Through openings in the a, sick children are passed in order that they may become healthy. ally, chains of variegated rags are suspended, to which each person ing in prayer adds. If there is sickness in the house, rags are torn away from here and placed on the ailing parts of the body of the patient.

These graves are full of mysticism, however prosaic their external ornamentation may seem to be.

GRAVES ARE MARKED by any odd objects that passing nomads may recognize the tomb they wish to honour

RAGS OF HEALTH: Each one who prays at a Marabout's tomb hangs a rag on to the chain already made; in case of illness or injury, such rags are removed and applied to the affected part—the Islamic system of thaumaturgic healing which has its counterpart in amulets and talismans

BOOKS—

Who is to Criticize if not the Creator? The Passing of Lytton Strachey: An American Misinterprets Britain: The Military Mind Revealed in all its Sterility

By CECIL ROBERTS

An amusing discussion has broken out in a paper that might be described as the organ of the authors' trade union. An angry correspondent has written to the Editor asking whether no action can be taken against the critics of contemporary fiction. The writer proceeds to storm against the corruption, the wickedness, and the incompetence of the critics, and his particular complaint is against the dishonour of those critics who write novels themselves and then proceed to sit in judgment upon their fellow novelists. Narrowed down, it means that the indictment, whether of corruption, wickedness, or incompetence stands against Messrs. J. B. Priestley, Frank Swinnerton, Humbert Wolfe, Gerald Gould, Ralph Straus, James Agate, L. P. Hartley, Richard King, and myself, for we have all written novels, I believe, and we all criticize them.

MR. JOHN MORRISON, the author of *The Forlorn Years*, a first novel of great promise, which deals with Glasgow and London

Let us dismiss the fact that the writer of the letter which started the controversy has not been a conspicuous success either as novelist or critic—he has been both—and examine the grounds of his complaint. It would seem that a novelist is not competent to sit in judgment upon novels, though judges are created from lawyers and editors from journalists. Moreover, even failure as a novelist will not qualify one as a critic. Mr. James Agate has frankly confessed that, having tried his hand at the novel, he found it was not his *métier*, and proceeded to make a marked success in other fields. On the other hand, there is Mr. J. B. Priestley, who has made a great success as a novelist, and is proving an outspoken, independent critic. Must he be disqualified as an interested party? Do Mr. Humbert Wolfe's credentials as a poet rule him out as a critic of novels, and does Mr. Gerald Gould's long experience of fiction thereby render him unfit to express any opinion upon novels? There is Mr. Frank Swinnerton, too, a novelist of eminence, who dares to divide the wheat from the chaff in a field he has long cultivated. Mr. Hartley's adventures into the arena have been more furtive, and his opinions are always cautious; but discretion shall not spare him, nor shall the kindly Mr. Straus and the tolerant Mr. King be spared for mercy's sake. As for myself I cannot expect mercy; I shall certainly find myself in a tumbril along with Mr. Hugh Walpole.

Who, then, shall criticize current fiction? Must the professional critic make a vow never to write a line of creative work? I think I can hear the indignant complainant crying, "How dare these fellows! Who are they? What have they done?" The question, therefore, of the incompetence of a critic seems difficult to determine. Let us proceed to the charge of corruption. I would not deny there is such a thing as log-rolling, but here again the charge may not be so heinous as it sounds. A novelist-critic usually moves in literary circles. It would be unnatural to debar him from friendships among fellow craftsmen. The day comes sooner or later, when he must sit in judgment on the work of a friend. What must he do? The situation is difficult. Should he decline to review Brown's book? It seems very unfair to Brown, who might enjoy considerable notice if his friend were not the critic of that particular paper. Moreover, the critic must consider his audience and they expect a verdict on Mr. Brown, who is well known. It may happen, also, that you have a very great respect for Brown's work, that you believe he has not had sufficient recognition, and you proceed to give him a "boost." Is that dishonest? I think not.

The fact is the correspondent who wrote that letter is not so much concerned with justice as with the poor attention he has commanded for himself. Much good work does go unnoticed. It is not the fault of the critics, it is Life, which is so lavish and wasteful. There are circumstances no man can control; what is essential is that he should be ready at the moment when they are propitious.

The death of Lytton Strachey removes a singular figure from the scene. I first met him, many years before he was famous, on a steamer on Lake Como. He was a strange sight with his red flowing beard and lank figure, and his conversation left one bewildered by its odd turns. His *Eminent Victorians* emerged at the moment when the sex novel and *vers libre* had taken the Bohemians by storm, and nothing was so deadly as a respectable ancestry. Lytton Strachey was hailed as a powerful recruit, but although he was in the crowd he was not really of it. He took liberties with history, and had moments of sheer bad taste, but as he grew older his prose grew richer and more tolerant. He had bought himself a pleasant country house with the proceeds of *Elizabeth and Essex*, and English literature would have been enriched had he been spared, for he had a scholarly and yet adventurous mind.

I have been reading *Can Europe Keep the Peace?* by Frank H. Simonds (Hamilton. 10s. 6d.). I have a very great respect for Mr. Simonds, who is foremost among American foreign correspondents. He knows Europe as well as any man living. This book briefly surveys the years since the close of the War, and tells a terrible story of rapacity and folly. It covers a vast field—the Polish Corridor, the Anschluss, Hungarian Irredentism, the Little Entente, and reveals a clear knowledge of the labyrinth of European politics. And yet when Mr. Simonds comes to speak of this country, of its attitude to Reparations and the meaning of the Balfour Note, he leaves me dumb with his wrong-headedness. Can he be serious when he states:

"It is to-day quite impossible to foresee whether the Britain of the latter half of the twentieth century will still be a world empire or little more than another Holland; whether it will decline to the rank of a second-class European power."

I believe ours is still the largest empire the world has ever seen, that life within it offers a greater security and a higher level than can be found elsewhere, the United States included. This country alone among the Powers has met all its debt obligations, and has cancelled debt with a generosity perhaps foolish yet surely magnificent. Mr. Simonds makes no mention of this. His chapter upon the Balfour Note is a gross misstatement of the facts. We have not cried "Abolish reparations, cancel debts, let America pay!" We have never for a moment expected America to pay. We have merely invited her, out of her colossal prosperity, to do a little cancelling along with ourselves. She refused, and Nemesis has overtaken her. To say that the Balfour Note proposed placing "the entire cost upon the shoulders of the American people" is a gross fiction. No wonder American public opinion is so deplorable, and the time-serving of Congress so pitiable, when experienced observers like Mr. Simonds have such an erroneous grasp of the facts.

I have never had any illusions about the profession of arms or the so-called genius of great soldiers. The last War should have killed any lingering belief in warfare as a science. There was not a general on any side in the late conflict who showed himself capable of mastering the situation. But for the economic collapse the War might be going on now. If this should seem a wild opinion I heartily recommend *They That Take the Sword*, by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford (Routledge. 12s. 6d.). Dr. Wingfield-Stratford is an historian of considerable reputation. He examines the military mind and reveals its primitiveness, its reckless indifference to the chaos it is prepared to unloose upon the world. He shows how the last War developed into an ordeal by exhaustion. Given equal valour in the men, and equal stupidity in the higher commands, a stalemate began which was only broken by the collapse of a home front.

The basis of this remarkable thesis is that war is a disease of civilization. It is not a survival from primitive man, who, despite popular fiction, was a peaceful animal. The soldier is not free to develop normally. Dr. Wingfield-Stratford is not content with assertions; he advances the facts. This is not a book that any Fascist or Hitlerite would be allowed to read. Its truth might corrupt him into sanity.

Is it a little too lugubrious for me to pass on to my next book, entitled *Here I Lie*? But this does not concern the epitaphs of soldiers. Mr. Cecil Hunt, who has a keen eye for howlers, is now exercising his curiosity in the graveyard. In his new book (Cape. 2s.) he brings us humour from the tomb-stones. The best of these epitaphs, not from a tombstone, is surely Mr. Hilaire Belloc's:

When I am dead I hope it may be said—
His sins were scarlet but his books were read.

Was there never a censorship of epitaphs, not to say a law of libel upon last words from the grave? Surely Mr. Tulloch protested?

"Donald Robertson. He was a peaceable, quiet man, and to all appearances a sincere Christian. His death was very much regretted, which was caused by the stupidity of Laurence Tulloch in Clothester, who sold him nitre instead of Epsom salts, by which he was killed in the space of three hours after taking a dose of it."

I am placing *Here I Lie* next to a charming little collection called *The Art of Dying*. They make delightful reading when one is feeling depressed!

I very strongly recommend *The Labyrinth*, by Ina Seidel (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.), but not unless you are prepared to read seriously. Fräulein Seidel writes in one of those close, heavy styles that frustrate skipping. She indulges in very little dialogue, she evades epigram and sparkle. Yet what a solid, admirable achievement this is! *The Labyrinth* is an historical novel of the eighteenth century. I know only one writer who has this sense of the historic present as strongly developed, Miss Naomi Mitchison.

I cannot take seriously or even humorously Mr. Dale Collins' new novel, *Jungle Maid* (Harrap. 7s. 6d.). This story of a millionaire yachtsman who finds a beautiful young white girl among the New Guinea cannibals is altogether too preposterous.

RECOMMENDED LIST

"George Washington," by Norwood Young (Duckworth. 15s. net).

"Man Made Angry," by Hugh Brooke (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net).

"The Secret Dossier," by Vladimir Orloff (Harrap. 8s. 6d. net).

"Germany's Road to Ruin," by Karl Friedrich Nowak (Putnam. 2Is. net).

"Highways and Byways in Gloucestershire," by Edward Hulton (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net).

"From Information Received" by Cecil Bishop (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net).

Pollard Crowther

"THE AVALANCHE": Mr. Morris Evans and Miss Helen Spencer in the Beverley Nichols' clever combination of spoof and sermon at the Arts Theatre Club, reviewed below

PLAYS—

A Vaudeville Farce of Antiquarian Sterile and Brilliant:

By PHILIP

Perhaps in the days when pterodactyls flitted over the Yorkshire moors instead of grouse, and when there walked along what is now the Strand the owners of such skulls as those upon which Sir Arthur Keith is wont to lecture, the lines and situations in *Whose Baby Are You?*—a farce by Louis Palgrave, produced at the Vaudeville Theatre—were considered novel and amusing. In A.D. 1932 one of Sir Arthur's most serious lectures would beat this play in the matter of sheer, downright fun, though for antiquarian interest I would back the latter.

Perhaps there is a point in the writing of plays at which the collection of ancient stock devices reveals itself as being unprecedented in its thoroughness, and on that account deserving of praise on the score of originality. If this is so, I accord Mr. Palgrave praise as willingly as I applaud his courage in refusing to show us anything whatsoever that is new, or any ingenuity in the mixing of the oldest of ingredients.

There was once a dutiful son who said to his mother, "Mother, I have made money and I have travelled all over the world, and I have eaten of the best dishes at the most expensive restaurants in every civilized city, but never have I tasted anything so delicious as the stews you used to make when I was a boy. Mother, you were the most wonderful cook in the world!" "My son," she replied, "I did not like cooking, and I was a very bad cook. But into those stews I put beef and kidneys, and carrots and potatoes and onions, and almost anything I could lay my hands on, and I knew that *something* about the damned stew was bound to be right!"

Buoyed up with such a hope, perhaps, the author of *Whose Baby Are You?* has shown us yet again an amorous husband badgered and cross-examined by a dragon of a wife, pretty parlourmaids being kissed, young men who have been enjoying a riotous night and have next morning headaches, two suit-cases with the same initials—one containing compromising *lingerie*, a bibulous and rubicund speaker of malapropisms, an obliging butler who obliges with a recital of the plot after three acts of nonsense that is superhumanly unfunny, and, of course, a baby. Unfortunately, nothing good has come this time as the result of the mixture-as-before; the stew is stodgy and tasteless from beginning to end.

I was disappointed in seeing Miss Iris Hoey, as an eccentric aunt, adopting an auntish voice. I know that it is some years since Miss Hoey had all London at her feet in a farce about a baby at this very theatre, for I remember seeing W. S. Gilbert in a box laughing at it. But Miss Hoey is, in addition to being a brilliant actress, pretty enough and girlish enough and roguish enough in voice to—anyway, she must not play aunts. It was such a strange, amorphous aunt, too. Not for years has Miss Hoey had so poor a part.

A good Mary Broughish character study came from Miss Louie Tinsley, and Miss Eve Gray looked so lovely that I did not mind her playing with a rather chilly slowness more in keeping with say, *Rosmersholm* or *The Master Builder* than with obstetric farce. Mr. Reginald Palmer did not redeem

Pollard Crowther

"ENGLAND AND AMERICA ARE AT WAR": The novelist in search of psychological copy tells this tale to see how the company, marooned by an avalanche in a Swiss hotel, takes the news. *From left to right:* Miss Helen Spencer, Mr. Dennis Webb, Mr. Maurice Evans, Mr. Jack Livesey, Miss Evelyn Neilson, Mr. Frederic Lloyd, and Miss Ellis Jeffreys in *The Avalanche* at the Arts Theatre

MODERNITY THAT SHOCKS: Lady Cattering (Miss Frances Doble) astounds the company with a statement of her views in the play that tends toward the modern scatological school, *While Parents Sleep*, at the Royalty. Above are Miss Diana Beaumont, Mr. Jack Hawkins, Miss Doble, Sir Nigel Playfair, Miss Mary Hinton, and Mr. Hugh Williams

A FULL HOUSE! A *tête-à-tête* between Miss Frances Doble and Mr. Hugh Williams, in which one of the most brilliant of undressing scenes is played, is interrupted by a *tête-à-tête* between Mr. Jack Hawkins and Miss Diana Beaumont, his respectable lady-love from Brixton—a play full of laughs

A NICE FAMILY IN A FAMILY ROW: Father (Sir Nigel Playfair) and Mother (Miss Mary Hinton) demand an explanation from their two sons (Messrs. Hawkins and Williams) of the shrieks that roused the house at two a.m.—fruit of the incident shown immediately above

Value : Mr. Beverley Nichols
Variety : Opera

PAGE

a natural tendency to restlessness by a habit of illustrating points in dumb show. Doubtless this was done with the laudable idea of instilling humour on his own account into an evening of unfathomable gloom.

By the way, most pieces at the Vaudeville nowadays seem to be presented by somebody called Archie—in this case Mr. Archie Pitt. Formerly we knew Gatti's under the Arches. Now it is a case of Archies under the Gattis.

Mr. Beverley Nichols is an indefatigable opportunist. His last novel, *Evening*, contains a thinly-veiled portrait of Mme. Melba, whose secretary he was, and a far from complimentary one. In *Avalanche*, his play, produced originally in Edinburgh and just introduced to London at the Arts Theatre, the game becomes rather more complicated. For in it we find Mr. Nichols making copy of himself, making copy of his friends. That is, at any rate, in less questionable taste. For Nigel Chelmsford, the young dramatist staying in a remote hotel in Switzerland, has surely much of Mr. Nichols in him. Nigel thinks war stupid, cruel, and wasteful. So does Mr. Nichols. So do I. So, I imagine, does anyone else not anxious to qualify for a lunatic asylum. Sir Nigel contrives that the guests in that hotel shall be convinced that war has broken out between England and America in order that he may, as a dramatist, study their various attitudes and make a play out of it. As a hoax this was equivalent, in its lack of humour, to the antics of the heartless type of ass who rings people up to tell them that a beloved relative has been killed in a motor accident. As a piece of dramatic ingenuity it has its points, though the scheme of making copy out of other people making copy out of other people, and so on *ad infinitum*, can lead nowhere—and certainly not to what is known as box-office success. However, Mr. Nichols has done the job efficiently, and his more facetious scenes are bright and up-to-date.

Avalanche owed much to the acting of Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Mr. Maurice Evans.

The Coliseum and the Alhambra have been for many months occupied profitably with large-scale musical-comedy from Mittel Europa. The Empire, which was at one time proud of its title, "the cosmopolitan club of the world," is now so far from being a club that it is given over to films and teetotalism and when I paid a recent visit had completely gone to Helga. That is to say, it housed a Greta Garbled version of the famous novel, *Susan Lenox*, though why the title of this should have been changed to *The Rise of Helga* I do not know. If that film served no other purpose, it proved that, whatever La Garbo undoubtedly possesses in the way of accomplishments, singing and dancing find no place among them.

One turns, therefore, to the Palladium when in the mood for a music-hall. Say, rather, variety theatre, for the place lives up to its title, and does indeed present variety. At one moment there are the antics of Messrs. Nervo and Knox and Messrs. Naughton and Gold; during a certain unforgettable week, one of the maddest and merriest in the whole history of variety, all four of these drolls functioned on the same bill, mixing themselves up with each other and with everyone else. The Houston Sisters are familiar visitors and are very pawky. I do not know what pawky means, except that the Houston Sisters are pawky, and I like the Houston Sisters and am therefore partial to pawkiness.

At my last visit Mr. Mark Hambourg was the chief attraction. Mr. Hambourg is not pawky; a pawky pianist would be a horror. He is solemn and Beethovenesque and does not make the mistake of playing down to his audience—a mistake made by his musical predecessor, Mr. Alfred Piccaver, who sang down to it. This is a Mark that never falls. He played a Chopin waltz, Dvorak, and other music of style and dignity with no more attempt at showmanship in the vulgar sense than if he had been in the Queen's Hall.

Mr. Talbot O'Farrell, another attraction, sings just as well as he did when, wearing shepherd's plaid trousers, a grey top hat, and South African War medal ribbons, he used to give us "The Lisp of a Baby's Prayer" and "The Tears of an Irish Mother," *et hoc genus omne*.

Although some operatic enthusiasts flourish a hand of intellectual snobbery which consists of striving to give the impression that they understand opera sung in a foreign language just as well as when it is sung in their own—and, if anything, rather better—there must be many who realized for the first time what an excellent "play" *Der Rosenkavalier* is when they heard it in English at the Streatham Hill Theatre. The Covent Garden Company must find Strauss and Streatham a paying combination, for the first performance of this superb opera in English in the London district was noteworthy from every point of view.

Der Rosenkavalier requires a vast orchestra if the full effect of the sweep and glitter of Strauss's score is to be achieved. Mr. John Barbirolli does wonderful things with an orchestra of fifty, and the cast is first-rate. Mr. Norman Allin as Ochs has a far finer voice than his German predecessor, Herr Mayr, and is well on the way to being as good a comedian. I was glad to welcome the return to the operatic stage of that sweet singer, Miss Miriam Licette, who appears as the princess—a part identified so closely with Mme Lotte Lehmann.

At last that useful wall-space of the Garrick Theatre will be able to advertise a play that really has merit. I do not know how many thousand adults will see *The Last Coupon*, but I do not think that any who do see it will be disappointed. Mr. Edgar Bryan has treated a simple little story of a Northumbrian miner who thinks he has won £20,000 in a football competition, finds that he has not, and bears his disappointment with amusingly philosophical calm, with a rare sense of the stage. This is far from a perfect play, and it has a second act that is poor to the verge of being lamentable but never for a moment does it cease to be alive. If the author rewrites that second act, and either makes it clear that it is intended to be a dream, or, better still, drops the dream idea altogether, *The Last Coupon* might very possibly make that £20,000 on its own account, and a bit more.

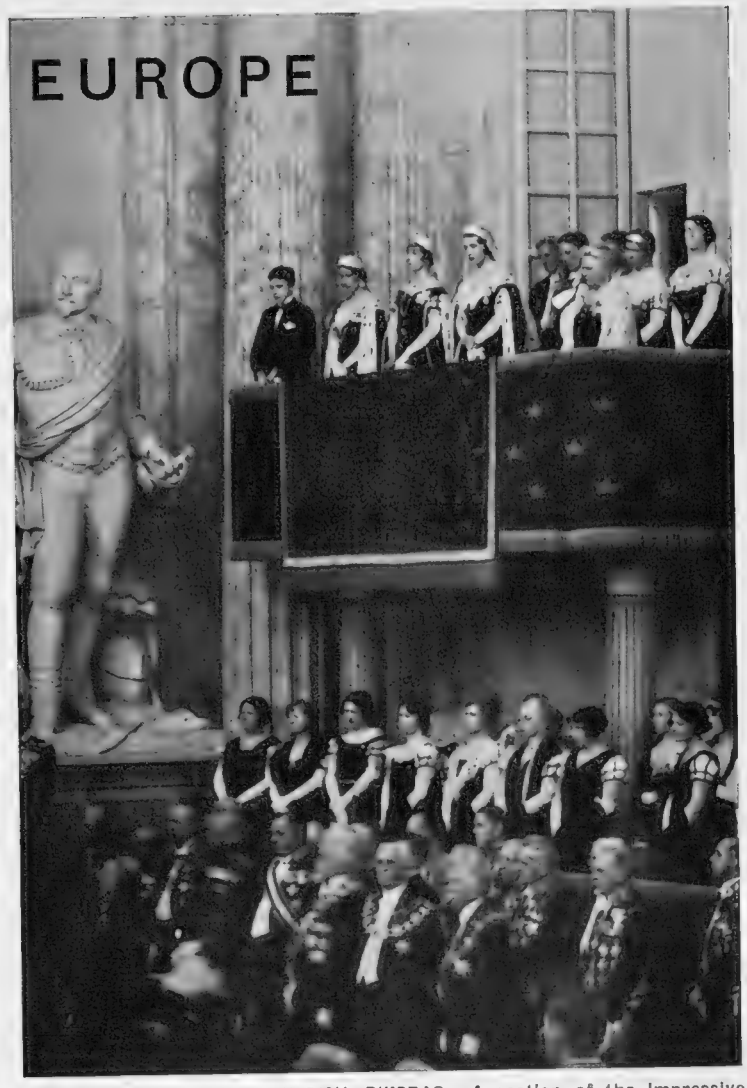
The acting as a whole is not as good as it might be, and the team has a long tail. But it is fortunate that in the chief part is Mr. Jack Morrison, whom I remember as a light comedian in revue, and now discover to be an admirable actor, with pathos and even tragedy at his command, as well as broad comedy. Miss Sal Sturgeon is so excellent that our theatrical wits cannot enjoy themselves by saying she is caviare to the general. Another good performance comes from Miss Rhona Adaire.

"THE SPHERE" SURVEYS EUROPE

THE SISTER OF AN EX-EMPEROR, THE WIDOWED CONSORT OF AN EX-KING: The lying-in-state of ex-Queen Sophie of Greece in Friedrichshof Castle, Cronberg, Germany. She was a sister of the ex-Kaiser and married the late ex-King Constantine of the Hellenes. Prince Eitel Friedrich represented his father at the funeral

A PAIR OF KINGS! Two pictures of King Carol and ex-King Crown Prince Michael known now as Voivode) at the last hunt of the season on the royal estate of Scrovistea, near Bucharest. Father and son have developed an intimacy and a friendship little known in the history of Continental royalties

THE CATALONIAN REVOLT QUASHED: Despite the threat of serious trouble in the traditionally and notoriously disaffected province of Spain, the influx of troops from the Central Republican Government soon brought the rising to an end. Revolutionary leaders are seen here being marched to Barcelona



THE OPENING OF THE SWEDISH RIKSDAG: A section of the impressive scene in Stockholm when the Swedish Parliament (cf. Reichstag) was opened by the King. Prince Carl Johan, the Crown Princess, Princess Ingeborg and Princess Ingrid are seen above in the gallery

AN ENGLISH M.P. SPEAKS IN GERMANY: Captain Malcom Bullock, M.P., speaking at the Air Traffic House on "English Conservative Ideas throughout History," on invitation of the German Culture Association. In the front row is our Ambassador, Sir Horace Rumbold

RIOTS IN BERLIN have developed at the University between Nationalists and Socialist students, to stop which police intervention proved necessary. In consequence the entire University was closed for a couple of days

PARIS—ITS PERPETUAL COMEDY

ANCIEN REGIME: Two distinguished guests at a recent dinner of the Club d'Equipages et Elégances Hippiques. Marquis Gabriel du Pin de la Guérivière and Mlle Suzanne Boitard are seen above in the old-style carriage. The *élégances hippiques* are somewhat conspicuous by their absence; the *élégances féminines*, more traditional to Paris, are present in greater degree

FRENCH OFFICIALDOM INCARNATE: The scene at the University when the Crown Prince of Denmark inaugurated La Maison des Etudiants du Danemark at the City University. An atmosphere of bearded and bored officialdom pervades the scene

A HUNT STAGED IN THE GARDEN OF A PARIS MANSION: A scene at the novel entertainment held by torch and electric light. The huntsmen were elaborately dressed in scarlet and the guests wore conventional evening dress. A certain nervousness was apparent among the spectators, especially just before the kill

MASTERS OF THE POLITICAL PARISIAN—AND SWISS!—CUCKOO CLOCK: M. Laval with M. Briand, from whom the former has taken over the position of Foreign Minister. No Briton can keep track of French political gyrations!

THE OUT-OF-WORKS, who have only recently made their appearance in hitherto prosperous France, are now a serious problem in the country. New buildings for the Soupe Populaire had to be found owing to the increase of those in need of relief. In the 18th arrondissement, Montmartre, 1,500 meals were given to the indigent. With a truly Gallic touch of gallantry the Muse of Montmartre (one of the semi-official officers annually elected from the girls of the district) handed out the packages of provisions

VENTILATION by a new process, invented by Dr. Cepede (right), has been installed in the Ministry of Communications and was inaugurated by M. Guernier (left), Minister of Posts, Telegraphs, and Telephones. The bearded Chamber of Deputies is also to be ventilated by this new process

FOUR OF THE BEAUX: The principal dancers of the Basque carnival. On left is the Standard-bearer; then comes Cherrero, the sweeper; then Cantinière, and finally the Hobby-horse

The BASQUE CARNIVAL

One usually associates Carnival with decorated cars, fancy-dress balls, and battles of flowers and confetti, but as Frazer has shown in his "Golden Bough," the Carnival goes back to the Roman Saturnalia which was, in turn, derived from a primitive Spring rite common throughout Europe. Nowhere are the original characteristics of this festival preserved better than among the Basques, the most ancient and conservative people in Europe.

On the Sunday before Lent there is usually a *Cavalcade* in one of the villages near St. Jean Pied du Port in the French-Basque province of Basse-Navarre. It takes the form of a procession followed by ritual dancing on a platform set up on the pelote court, and is often associated with a dramatic representation satirizing some incident of which the village has disapproved, e.g. the re-marriage of a widow, a wife who beats her husband, etc., and has thus something in common with the "rough music" of the British Isles. The participants in the procession are all young men; there are *Volantak*, dressed in white with scarlet *bérets*, hung with gay ribbons and bells like morrismen, two "giants" and two "wild women" (small boys in little girl's dresses and veils) as well as a "Lord and Lady" dressed in smart town clothes.

In the neighbouring valley of Soule, a far more complex performance takes place. From the beginning of January the young men of the different villages organize "Mascarades" which visit one another, and perform in their own village on Shrove Tuesday. The performance is something between a ballet and a mumming play, and the characters are always the same. The most important are the five "Beaux"; the gorgeous Hobby-horse, cousin to all the hobby-horses of Europe from Padstow to Athens, his inseparable companion, the "Cantinière," a man-woman like the Highlander of the English sword-dancers, the "Cat," whose rôle is akin to that of a "Fool," and the "Cherrero" who as a "Sweeper" has also his counterpart in English tradition, and the "Standard-bearer." Besides these there are a "Lord" and "Lady," a "Peasant" and "Housewife," and a host of minor characters, some of them comic. The principal dancers are dressed in brilliant traditional costumes in which scarlet predominates, and from the technical point of view their solo dancing is astounding. These young shepherds, farmers, and rustic artisans are trained from an early age to do steps such as the triple entrechat, which only the finest dancers of the Russian ballet can achieve. Its climax is the famous Wineglass Dance. A glass half-full of wine is placed on the ground, and the "Beaux" begin to dance round it. In turn they leap over the glass with double and triple entrechats and yet contrive not to kick it over. The crowning point of the whole performance comes when the Hobby-horse, whose mount prevents him from seeing either the glass or his own feet, mounts upon it on one foot, describes the Sign of the Cross with the other, and then with a mighty bound springs clear, without spilling a single drop of the wine.

A DANCE IN PROGRESS: Hobby-horse, Cantinière, and Cherrero are in the centre; Lord, Lady, and Peasant in the right foreground

THE PROCESSION gets under way. The "giants" form an integral part of the cavalcade which is held on the last Sunday before Lent

IN CARNIVAL COSTUME: The figures in white with scarlet *bérets* are known as Volantak; the small boy in girl's rig is a "wild woman"

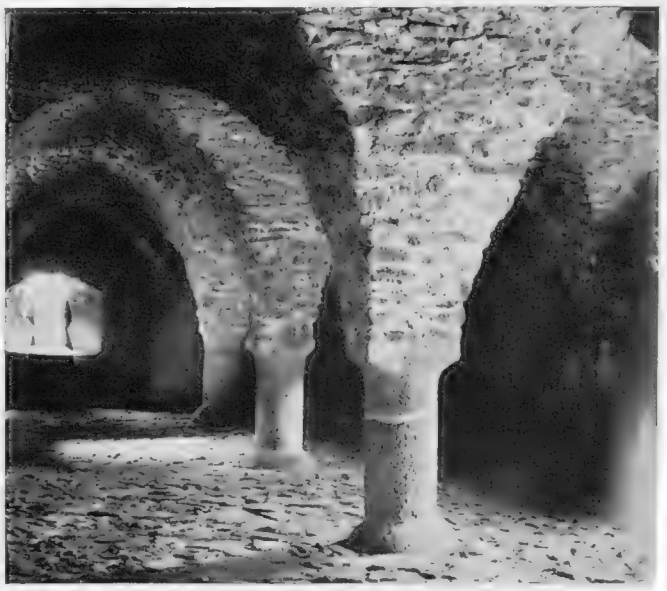
THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

ISLE of BEAUTY

The Charms, Historical, Scenic, Social, and Islands—far Outweigh even the Torments

Many people accustomed to travel abroad in search of sunshine and milder weather, during the dull days of winter and who wish to dodge the influenza risks of our Spring, are doubtless searching somewhere nearer to hand this year. Perhaps a plea might be put forward to give Jersey, one of the most beautiful of our Channel Isles, a trial. Usually blessed with an abundance of sunny weather it enjoys an extremely mild winter climate—snow being regarded as something in the nature of a curiosity.

Referred to in the guide book as "the pearl of the Channel Isles," it certainly justifies its description, from the sheer beauty of its rocky coast line to the picturesque wooded hills and valleys of its interior. To many, Jersey is inaccessible by reason of its position; but those who have braved the torments of the sea crossing, which can be very unpleasant indeed, must have felt that the terrors and discomforts of the deep are amply repaid by its charms, which always seem to justify a return visit at the first opportunity. Called Cæsaria in Roman documents, it was conquered by the Normans who laid waste all the French coast of the Channel about the middle of the ninth century. The capital St. Helier was named after one—Helerius who was murdered by the conquerors.



THE TWELFTH CENTURY CHAPEL OF ST. GEORGE with its miniature columns is to be found in the castle at Mont Orgueil, one of the most interesting survivals of a medieval fortress

Many attempts were made by the French to recapture the island, and in the reign of Henry III they were beaten by an English fleet under the command of the Governor of the Channel Isles, whilst in Edward I's reign fresh attacks were again repulsed. The most determined onslaught of all was made during 1780, when a party of French landed, captured the Commander-in-Chief, and at first carried everything before them. But the Islanders returned to the attack and fought a battle at St. Helier, which resulted in the French commander being killed and the remainder surrendering as prisoners of war.

Although only about 9 miles long and 7 wide at its greatest breadth, Jersey has an area of roughly 45 square miles. To see the first rays of the rising sun strike the perilous Casquets—that rocky reef, whose guardian lighthouse rises starkly from the boiling foam—that is worth an early visit to the deck of the incoming steamer. Shortly after this a call is made at St. Peter's Port, Guernsey, and within an hour comes the first glimpse of the Corbière lighthouse, standing at the end of a rocky arm around which the surf thunders. More often than not Jersey greets the visitor with a sunlit sky and bright blue sea, and as the boat passes close by Elizabeth Castle, that grim sixteenth-century relic, the harbour of St. Helier is entered, and to some the ordeal of the Customs is a formality thankfully omitted.

The amount of historical associations in an island of this size is surprising. The most noteworthy building is probably Mont Orgueil Castle, a prominent feature to the east. Begun in the tenth century, it is a very interesting survival of a military fortress. Built of local granite, it makes an imposing and warlike reminder of its former use. With a rough vaulting of rubble, carried on miniature columns about 3 ft. high, the twelfth-century chapel of St. George, since restored, is one of the many ancient relics worth examining.

THE NORTH COAST presents all the majesty of precipitous cliffs and rocky inlets

and ROMANCE

Economic, of Jersey—the Pearl of the Channel of the Frequently Unpleasant Crossing

Wandering through the town—no one ever dreams of calling it St. Helier—one is struck by the distinct Continental atmosphere, which is an additional charm. Many of the streets are cobbled, and the cottages have a roughness in their building, or are stuccoed in colours in striking similarity to those in France. In many cases it is a feature of these buildings to carve on the granite lintel over the entrance the initials of the occupier, a lasting memorial to the original owners.

Another novelty bound to strike the newcomer is the manner in which the roads and lanes are maintained. Not necessarily the surface from the motorists' point of view, but the neat way in which banks, hedges, ditches, and overhanging trees are trimmed. It is an offence to be slack

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF JERSEY is the guardian lighthouse of Corbière standing aloof on a rocky arm of the shore. Here is the famous tide race, and often are spectacular seas

in these matters, and authorities ride round from time to time to see that all is in order, measuring the branches of trees with poles so that they do not trespass on the roadway below a stipulated height.

You can stroll for hours along the numerous secluded lanes, among the hills and valleys, without touching a main road, along which charabancs ply, littering their noisy passage with a trail of empty cigarette packets. The entire coastline is beautiful, varying from the wildly rugged precipitous cliffs of the North to the more peaceful bays of the South, and will appeal to every taste. A walk along the barren bay of St. Ouen, with its vast expanse of sand, will give lovers of solitude all the desolation for which they crave. It is here on this west coast that the full fury of the sea often spends itself, leaving behind a beach strewn with seaweed. This is collected into heaps, termed "vraic," and used either on the land or for fuel.

St. Aubin and St. Brelade are two of the most beautiful bays of the island. St. Aubin, with its peaceful little harbour full of sailing boats, the quay in which are embedded old cannon doing duty as mooring posts, and its wide sandy beach at low water, is a popular place for children; whilst St. Brelade, almost entirely unspoilt by modern buildings, possesses amongst its natural attractions the most charming and picturesque little church, parts of which date from the twelfth century. One wall of the churchyard is bounded by the sea and is used by the fishermen to drape their nets.

In one corner is the tiny Fisherman's Chapel, almost a hundred years older than the church; 43 ft. long and 18 ft. wide, it has some remarkable frescoes of about the thirteenth century, which can still be discerned. In another corner is a twentieth century reminder—the graves of German prisoners who died during internment in the Great War.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, routes and fares to intending travellers. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 3d. in stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed THE SPHERE Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

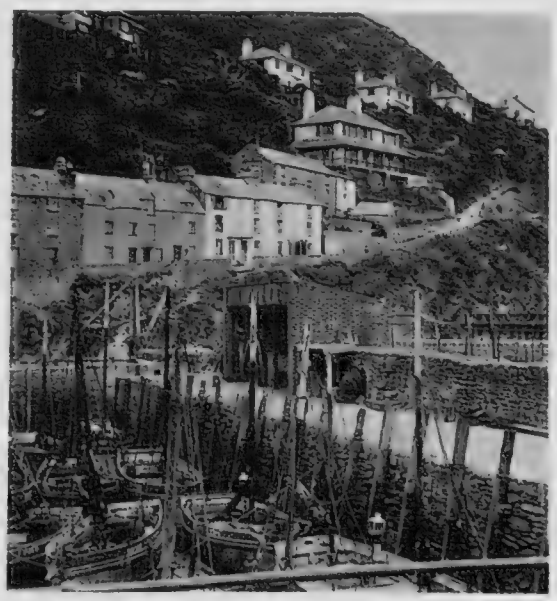
Jersey, a paradise to the visitor, is also something of a paradise to its countrymen. Its comparatively equable climate and rich soil make potatoes, tomatoes, and fruit, in immense quantities, its chief exports, and the value of the Jersey cow with its rich milk is well known.

A curious freak of Nature accounts for yet another industry—the making of walking-sticks from cabbage stalks. These grow to quite ridiculous heights, often from 6 to 8 ft. So popular do these become with visitors that they cannot long resist the temptation to buy these fascinating articles; one by one they fall victim to "Jersey fever," as the inhabitants call this craze!

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT: The exquisite sea-girt residence lying off Marazion, which is now the home of Lord St. Leven. The old relics and the really lovely gardens make a day's visit a thing of joy

CORNWALL'S CATHEDRAL: Truro Cathedral, the foundation stone of which was laid barely fifty years ago; save St. Paul's it is the first built since the Reformation

MALPAS FERRY is one of the beauty spots near Truro and presents a serene placidity very typical of English landscape at its best



POLPERRO, a town whose main industry has changed from smuggling to fishing and painting. It is now almost as famous as Newlyn or St. Ives

The DELECTABLE DUCHY

All of us, I suppose, have heard of the Cornish Riviera express; but how many, I wonder, have reflected on what it is the key to, or how apposite is its name; and how many lovers of the seacoast have thereupon taken a journey to Cornwall to find out the nature of this Riviera? Here in the very foot of England, thrust far into the Atlantic, has that landscape-gardener, Nature, excelled herself in providing the most varied examples of her art, to form a veritable "Delectable Duchy" of which its inhabitants are justly proud. Of most other counties one might say, perhaps, that we could judge of them from one locality: for instance, Devon from the valley of the Exe, Sussex from the Downs, or the Peak District from Axe Edge; but how could one judge Cornwall from the valley of the Fal, or in what other county could one find such a contrast in scenery as that presented by Cornwall from the Tamar Valley at one end to the rugged grandeur of the Lizard and Land's End at the other?

It is a county full of romance and legend, full of dolmens, stone crosses and cromlechs, "hurlers" and "men-an-tol" stones on lonely moors; full of holy wells and saints—St. Mellion, St. Austell, St. Columb, St. Blazey, St. Keyne, St. Germans, and a score of others.

For the sportsman everything is provided: the sea angler finds his paradise here; the south coast, from Looe to the Lizard, provides the finest fishing to be found in England; for drift-line fishing, bass, pollack, mackerel in thousands, and red bream; for the bottom fisher, whiting, pouting, cod, and turbot.

The Valley of the Fal runs from Falmouth at the mouth of the river to Truro, the county town, which possesses the first Protestant Cathedral, with the exception of St. Paul's, to be built in England since the Reformation. Falmouth has all the advantages of a port with those of a fashionable watering-place, although before the commercial development of Britain Falmouth was of much greater importance than it is now.

Of a very different style again is the Lizard area, for which Helston is a convenient centre. This town is notable for the "Flora Day Dance, or Furry Dance" on May 8, when the whole populace dances from street to street through the town, in and out of the houses, in sets of four. The coves around this part of the coast — Mullion, Kynance, Coverack, Cadgwith, and others—are remarkable. The bathing is unequalled elsewhere, sun-dried rocks and glistening golden sands fringing a sea of exquisite colour.

Penzance, a matter of six-and-a-half hours from London, is again a fashionable resort with every attraction and amusement. On its western side is Newlyn, the resort for the last fifty years of artists.

On the north coast there is St. Ives, whose industries, like those of Newlyn, are chiefly painting and fishing. It takes its name from an Irish saint who came across on a miraculous leaf in the fifth century. Much farther north is Tintagel, the centre of the King Arthur country, with the ruins of King Arthur's Castle surmounting the weather-beaten cliffs.

SOCIETY IN AMERICA

One or two resorts have suddenly leaped into fame of late among the American *élite*. Notable among these are the centres in the Californian desert. Mexico—non-dry—is quite handy for visitors!

THE FLOATING POPULATION of Havana is composed largely of U.S. visitors (the term "floating" sometimes having a *double entente*). Above are Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Drexel Biddle at the races

A SCIENTIST AT REST: Dr. Einstein, seen with Mrs. Einstein and Mr. Warren B. Pinney, a "social leader" of California, is taking a little relaxation from relativity at Palm Springs in the desert

BEACH KIT is as exiguous and as daring in America as on the Riviera, and the cult of tan is as popular—as these pictures of Mrs. Gail Grant and Miss Anita Hillman prove

ON THE U.S. RIVIERAS: Miss Iris Ashton in the Californian desert and Mrs. Leonard Thomas at Palm Beach exploit the latest fashions in beach pyjamas designed with a distinctly piratical touch

SOCIETY IN SWITZERLAND

A STROLL IN THE ENGADIN: Mr. and Mrs. Michael Farmer in St. Moritz. In public life, Mrs. Farmer is, of course, the distinguished screen star, Miss Gloria Swanson

A QUEEN OF THE SCREEN: Miss Gloria Swanson with her fourth husband, Mr. Michael Farmer, at the Bobsleigh Ball at St. Moritz. Miss Swanson's third husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, was recently married to another screen star, Miss Constance Bennett

A ROYAL ROMANCE IN THE SNOW: Prince Nicholas of Rumania with his bride, Mme Lucie Dolette Saveanu, for whom he has renounced his country and his high estate at the command of his brother, King Carol. The princess wears her béret with a rakish air

SOCIETY IN CANINE CIRCLES

The dog-world is agog for the great annual event this month: Cruft's. Several other dog shows held recently prove that the world-depression has not entered the canine sphere!.

BUY BRITISH! "Champion Pugilist," the premier bulldog of the country, who has won no fewer than twenty-nine awards. He is one of the few treasures that America has not been able to buy

PLUM PUDDING: "Silverden Queen," a champion Dalmatian, with a bucket-load of puppies, who is to be entered at Cruft's this month. She is owned by Mrs. Hackney of Kelvedon, Essex

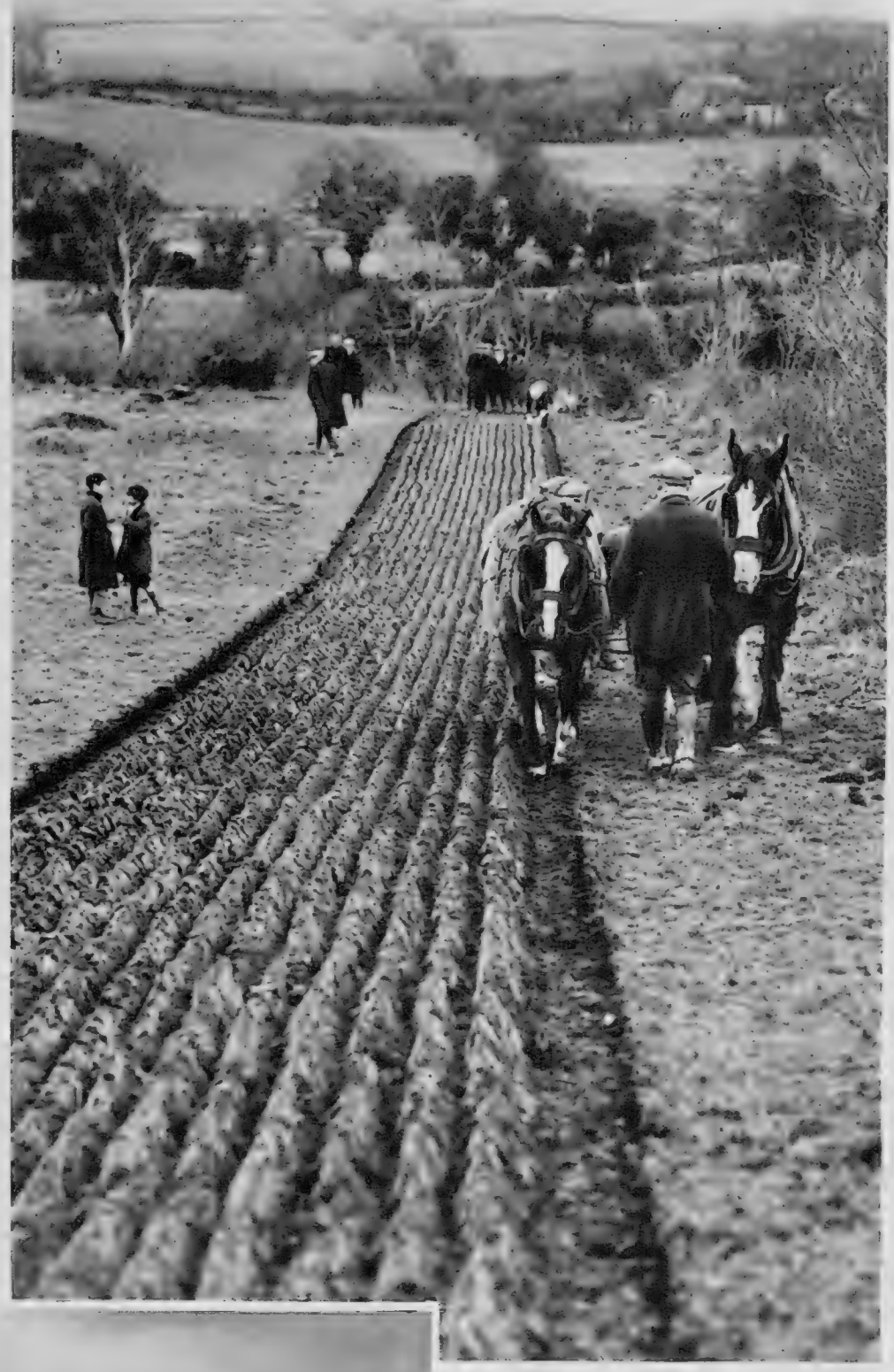
BUNDLES OF BEAUTY: Two Samoyeds, victorious in the Sussex Canine Association's Annual Show at the Pavilion, Bognor Regis, with their owner, Miss Keyte Perry

ROYAL FAVOURITES: A group of exquisite King Charles spaniels, owned by Lady Fowler of Braemore, who lives at Bushey. This team of the delicate breed is to be shown at Cruft's this month

THE TRUE FURROW

A RETIRING PRIZEWINNER: Mr. Edward Cooper, who after working for the same family at Petworth for 62 years—and winning many prizes in ploughing matches—retired last month

DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION: A fine pair owned by Mr. Thomas Linton, of Drumslade, in the Coleraine Society's ploughing match held on the land of Miss Joyce Law at Maddybenny, Co. Antrim



THE STRAIGHT FURROW: Mr. William Pentland's team competing in the Listooder and District Plough Society's competition, Co. Down

THE STRATHEDEN PLOUGHING MATCH: Two of the competitors in the event held at Corinzion, Gateside, Fife, in gusty weather. The great rural excitement—the holding of various ploughing competitions and their ancillary events—is now in full swing, lending interest to the dull month of rustic life, February Filldyke

THE BIGGEST HORSE IN ENGLAND? Brown Bowler stands over eighteen hands and is employed in Bristol in the timber hauling trade

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

SCIENCE *lends a* HAND *to* BEAUTY

The Inquisition of Beauty includes, as a cardinal element, electrical massage—used for many purposes

"Crow's feet" are eliminated or minimised by delicate electrical vibro-massage which also clarifies the skin

The form of a nose can be altered without having recourse to plastic surgery in these days of beauty culture

A rubber roller tones up the muscles and removes fatty tissue from the back to the improvement of health

How the Grand Inquisitors—wherever they may be buried—must be turning in their graves with envy! For the newest of all apparent "Inquisitions" is not only effective in altering the entire outlook of its victims, but it is very much self-supporting to the tune of many millions a year spent by modern women of all ages, nations, types, and occupations on beauty culture.

And yet, we are told (and probably with perfect reason) that we are still only at the beginning of the possibilities of re-adjustment and facial upkeep generally.

That type of face called "homely" and "kind" by the Edwardians, we now see all around us, most miraculously transformed; not, be it noticed, to that mask of pseudo-youth or vapid beauty associated in the past with beauty culture, but the homely face redeemed from sallow skin and ungainly aspect—introduced to its type, and thereafter toned up and kept in health and good repair; for the New Inquisition is most thorough and not at all skin deep.

"*Study your type*" chant the experts in painstaking chorus—and "Decide what you want to be . . . and leave the rest to us." Thousands of women do; and the result is seen in the increasing number of *soignée* women in the professions.

The granddaughter, for instance, of that high-minded Edwardian lady or the granddaughter of an eminent Victorian who definitely condemned "the sort of woman who paints her face, my dear . . ." may be seen vigorously exercising in a certain famous Bond Street salon—gaily enduring the pattings and manipulatings of the deft expert—grinning cheerfully as she rests inert waiting for the mud-pack, and suffering in happy silence the pin-pricks of eyebrow plucking. . . . She is a young business woman, and although passage of years will not demand camouflage of age, it will only be because she has a face toned up to face her future!

There is the woman—busy, and with the modern bank balance—who nevertheless spends some 25s. or so weekly on her usual treatment. Perhaps 15s. of this goes to whatever treatment the expert in charge of her advises for her needs and maybe the other 10s. is spent on necessary cosmetics.

But from the scalp to toe-nails there is a variety of means at the disposal of the woman with money for the altering of Nature's handiwork: slight readjustment of noses. . . .

Statisticians stretch out greedy hands to the figures that represent women's expenditure on facial fitness — woman says nothing and goes on spending — released by skill from the shame of having a sagging chin in a braced-up world!

J. W.

Dr. Maria Ehrenstein adopts a deep wave finished with a tight curl

The Napoleonic era provided a reaction against a reaction: the fantastically elaborate coiffures of late Louis Quinze and Louis Seize gave place to stern severity; after the Revolution, elaboration was again in order

The days of Louis Seize are recalled by this treatment in powder — the graceful curls curving over the shoulders

The four examples of classic styles in head-dressing organized in Paris. As a contrast to these historic given as pendants to

he Greek style has formed the basis of many types of coiffure; most notably, perhaps, in the *jeunesse d'orée* period immediately following the French Revolution. The hair is naturally—or artificially—curled

he grace of the days when the Empress Eugénie was the dic.ator of fashion in Europe lives anew in this Empire treatment

Miss Joy Crombie has her front hair tapered, thinned, and brushed forward

are from an exhibition of hair-dressing just styles, two very modern and attractive heads are the classic group

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE WAY *of a* HAT *with a* MAID

Here are some suggestions for Spring hats upon which all feminine thoughts are turning. Clearly they must be worn with a *je ne sais quoi* air, for the angle at which they are set is certainly our modern hats' most intriguing feature.

When all the world is sad, we should be grateful for the touch of folly that would seem to appear in each and every one of them. Our hats, apparently, are to cover only one side of the head, the right, leaving the left completely uncovered, arousing all sorts of problems of how to arrange the coiffure and keep the exposed part neat and tidy.

We can trace its rakish angle and much of its dégagé style to the Scottish bonnet, while it is in the varying degrees of angle at which it may be worn that proclaims the smartness or otherwise of its wearer.

At the moment there is the usual battle of the brims being waged with the close fitting cap. The latter is so practical that the modern woman is loth to give it up, so it has its place in the scheme of things from which it is unlikely to be ousted. It is made of straws which are mixed with wool or even string so as to be as flexible as material and as easily moulded, tucked and swathed, thus giving the milliner wide scope for her art. There is also much shiny coarse straw.

Flowers are used occasionally and with discretion, but ribbon is more favoured, while pompoms and upstanding quills appear. A turn of a bow can convey so much and on the bandeaux that tip-tilt the flat or low crowned hats there is need and room for adornment.

At the moment we are looking out for the mid-season hat—the ideal creation that will carry us over the difficult dress period when Winter melts into the vagaries of Spring, something that will be suitable for a day that is cold and yet has glints of Spring sunshine that put to shame the winter's felt. Thus are ribbon and straw combined, and velvet is used with the first flower buds. Once more have our hats become things of character and fantasy, and so varied are their shapes and sizes that women must be unreasonable indeed not to be suited by one or other of them. And now that it has become one's duty to help our home trade, the purchase of a new hat has ceased to be an extravagance but a pleasurably patriotic act—which is an entirely new angle from which to view our most intriguing new millinery—one which husbands please note!

So great is the fillip given to home fashion trade just now that British designers have taken new heart of grace while an interested world stands by ready to see what they will produce.

B. B. E.

This hat of blue picot pedal straw dips demurely in front and is trimmed with a roll of daffodil yellow ribbon

A red cellophane hat simply trimmed by a tuck round the crown. The brim curves sweepingly down the right cheek

The brim of this split Lisereux straw hat curves becomingly round the face while a garland of forget-me-nots trims the crown

The back of this Watteau hat of black cellophane reveals a fitted back surmounted with a bow of blue velvet ribbon

BACK to the STAMPING MILLS

THE LAST STAND: The storage field in which hundreds of old motor cars of a variety of makes await their turn to be transformed into steel for new cars. The top price paid to dealers for such cars is £2 10s. (at par)

DIS-ASSEMBLY: Before being crushed for use as scrapped steel in the open hearth furnaces, each car is stripped of all material that may with advantage be salvaged. Each derelict is assailed at all points at once

GUTTED: Practically the last thing to be removed from the old cars just before they are sent to be crushed or baled is the engine. This is removed from its supports by acetylene torches. So far, over 60,000 cars have been dealt with

IF A CAR IS TOO BIG, a thousand-ton shear is used to slice the skeleton chass's down to a suitable size to be dealt with by the furnace

CRUSHED: The chassis, having been stripped of everything that might conceivably be of value—wire for copper, oil-cups for brass, bushings for bronze, hub-caps for aluminium, bearings for babbitt, etc.—is run under a descending ceiling which exerts a pressure of twenty-two tons

AIR HOISTS are used to draw the furnace scrap—which has proved so valuable in the making of open hearth steel of the best quality—from department to department of the great new industry which the Ford organization has created at Dearborn, Michigan

THE CAR KNACKERS: The chassis of a small motor is thrust bodily into the furnace; larger cars are first crushed or shorn in pieces

Experiments that have led to the present status of salvaging old or useless motor cars at the Rouge Plant were begun in February, 1930. A few men worked on some stationary cars to discover what they would salvage. To-day three moving conveyors hundreds of feet long operate in the Open Hearth building of the River Rouge plant. Nothing is thrown away. Every ounce of every car is made to serve some useful purpose. Irrespective of age, make, or condition, all cars are grist to this mill. There must be some semblance of tyres and each wreck must contain a battery to justify its classification as a car. The car to be salvaged strikes the line, and the first operation consists of the salvaging of whatever oil or petrol may remain in the hulks.

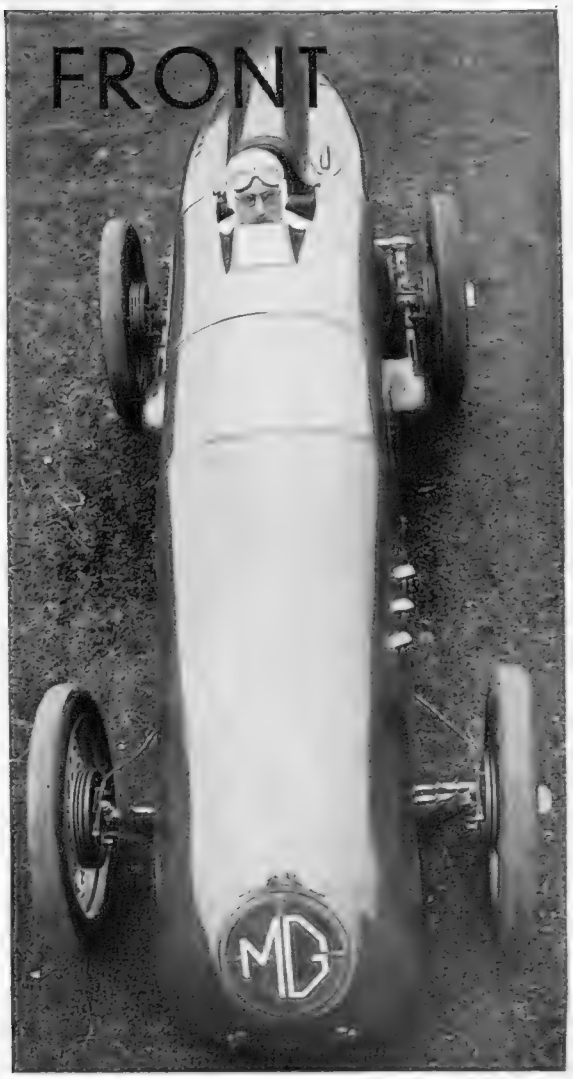
The cars are brought in squads from the storing field, pulled by automatic cables up a runway to the dismantling lines. The wreckers attack the car from every angle. The bodies move along as the sides, front, and rear are dismantled. Headlight lenses and lamp bulbs are taken out, spark plugs and batteries removed. Every piece of glass, whole or otherwise, is taken. That which is whole or can be cut to size is used for shop window or skylight replacements, while the smashed bits are sent to the glass factory for re-melting into long ribbons of new glass. All wood is taken to the box factories to be used for crating tops. Cotton and hair of the upholstering is stuffed into sacks to be sold in the open market. Cloth and covers, muslin from the tops, leather from roof, sides, and seats go to the electric sewing machine operators to be made into buffing wheels, polishing wheels, or aprons, each according to its fitness for these several purposes. Trimmings that are left are sewn into hand pads. Petrol tanks are rent from their places for the steel they will yield.

Wrenches operated by compressed air, set in reverse, snatch the wheel nuts and toss them into barrels. Automatically controlled, the released wrenches slip into the air and out of the way. Off come the wheels. They are examined, and if the tyre tread is still good they will be salvaged and later sold at the company's commissary at greatly reduced prices. If the tyre is not good the rubber is salvaged, while the rims are tossed into a car to move toward that ultimate resting place within an open hearth furnace. Horns, hub caps, and small things are sorted and taken out, hub-caps for the aluminium they contain, ignition wire for copper, oil-cups for brass, bushings for bronze, and other bearings for babbitt. Eventually the hulks reach the torch men. Long tongues of oxygen flames lick and burn the engine supports free from the frames. Overhead air hoists are attached to the motors and they are swung to a conveyor which takes them and their fittings into the mouth of a washer. Hot-water jets and soda ash clean them of grease and they are expelled at the other end to machines which take them apart that the non-ferrous metals can be separated from the ferrous and so be ready for melting each according to its kind.

The skeletons are now pushed on to the crusher. The walls of the crusher are reinforced with steel rails. Propelled by conveyors, the chassis, with or without the frame of a top, finds itself between the walls of the crusher. It stops. There is a movement, and that movement is made by the ceiling that lies over it. Released by the slackening of cables which support it, it descends. There is no escape. Slowly it comes down, twenty-two tons of weight, moving downward. A crunching of wood, a whining of stubborn steel, a sigh, and a bit of dust as the air is sent out under the tremendous pressure. The ceiling recedes, leaving the distorted mass still trembling in its bed. Forward comes the conveyor and another dismantled hulk goes through the same process. Car after car they pass the whole day through.

NEWS ON THE HOME FRONT

"TOLL FOR THE BRAVE": The scene in Avalanche Church, Portland, during the memorial service to the victims of the ill-fated submarine, *M 2*, which, as we go to press, has not yet been located, despite many confident rumours to the contrary. The unhappy vessel was lost with over 60 officers and men

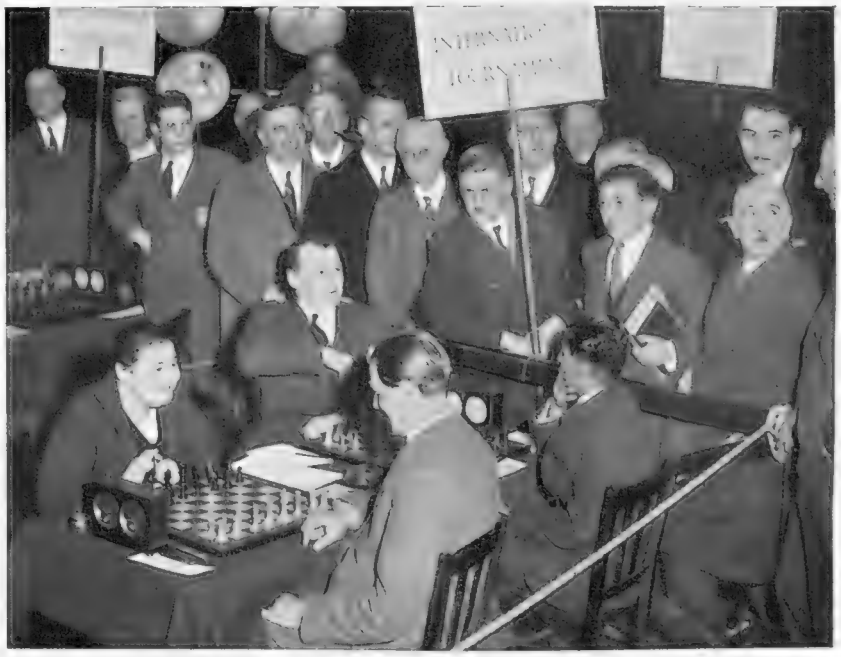


THE MAGIC MIDGET: Mr. G. E. T. Eyston in the M.G. Midget with which he hopes to set up a new record for baby cars at Pendine Sands next week—weather permitting

GENERAL ELECTION IN DUBLIN: A scene during a meeting held by Mr. Eugene Davy, the distinguished International of the Rugby field, who is a candidate for Cunman-Na-Caedheal (President Cosgrave's party). It will be interesting to discover whether the old traditional Irish pugnacity will be in evidence now there is no England to fight

AN ENGLISH ENTRANT in the Berlin riding tournament. She is Miss Jackie Henel who is only fifteen but has already established herself as a first-class horse-woman

A CINEMA BALL held at York House, Twickenham—the second to be held—was a great success. Above is a group including Mr. Garry Marsh, Miss Gillian Lind, Mr. Harry Cohen, Miss Edna Davies (Mrs. Cohen), Mrs. Guy Newall, and Mr. Dino Galvani



KINGS AND QUEENS OF THE CHESS-BOARD: A scene at the Central Hall, Westminster, where the International Chess Festival was begun last Monday. In front, Miss V. Menchick, the woman champion, is confronting Mr. Ceza Marsczy; behind are Dr. Alekhins, champion of the world, and Sultan Khan

BANKING: The Big 5

A Review of the Fiscal Year Based upon the Annual Reports of the Great Joint-Stock Banking Organizations of Britain

SIR HARRY GOSCHEN, Chairman of the National Provincial Bank

MR. F. C. GOODENOUGH, Chairman of Barclays Bank

THE RIGHT HON. REGINALD McKENNA, Chairman of the Midland Bank

MR. J. W. BEAUMONT PEASE, Chairman of Lloyds Bank

THE HON. RUPERT BECKETT, Chairman of the Westminster Bank

As we go to press, four of the five great joint-stock banks of the country have held their annual meetings, and the shareholders of the fifth, Lloyds, met yesterday (Friday). The speeches of the chairmen of these four banks were, as was only natural and to be expected, concerned with world affairs, the problems of the gold standard, and reparations; gold hoarding abroad, and the great slump taking premier place.

Mr. F. C. Goodenough, Chairman of Barclays, said in the course of his speech: "I think it is necessary to realize the extent to which the difficulties of all kinds which are now experienced in the settlement of International debts have been caused by the tariff barriers imposed by creditor nations, and why it became necessary, in many instances, to restrict the free import of foreign goods into this country, for it was essential that, to meet the exigencies of the moment, we should safeguard our own interests and prevent the exploitation of our market by other countries to the detriment of ourselves. It becomes increasingly clear that, looking to the future, it would be wholly impossible for substantial reparation and War debt payments to continue to be made otherwise than in goods, which must therefore be allowed free access to the creditor countries (which have hitherto been receiving payment largely in gold) for their own use and consumption.

"Setting aside the considerations of the moment, it is evident, from the position to which International trade has been reduced during the last two years, that the traditional free trade policy of Great Britain as a great creditor nation was justified and that the unreasonably high protectionist attitude adopted by other creditor nations is doing immense harm. To-day many debtor nations are in actual default, while others are only meeting their engagements with great difficulty. These developments are due, to a considerable degree, to the unwillingness of certain of the principal creditor countries of the world to accept payment in the only form in which debts can now be paid, that is to say, in goods.

"The alternative method, of making payment in gold, has become virtually impossible, owing to a very large part of the available stocks of monetary gold being now concentrated in the hands of the United States and France. Unless some means can be found for gold to be circulated more freely, it would seem that gold will no longer be capable of being put to its normal use as a basis of currency and credit and as a measurement of world prices. In that case gold will lose its value and those countries must inevitably be faced with enormous losses."

Mr. Reginald McKenna, the distinguished economist who guides the fortunes of the Midland Bank, commented in the following terms on the gold standard: "I believe we should all welcome a well-managed gold standard if we could get it. It is not management but the lack of it which has caused the failure of the gold standard. At present, however, and probably for some time to come, the practical alternative is between a gold standard badly managed and a pure managed currency without gold. Experience in the last few months has taught us what our choice should be. Events have shown conclusively that we cannot afford the gold standard of post-war times; it has become impossible for us because of unfavourable technical and psychological conditions. If these are incapable of control the gold standard will not work. On the other hand, there are advantages of practical convenience, by no means inconsiderable, in a gold standard well managed; and such a standard would be preferable to a pure managed currency, unless, as is hardly conceivable to-day, the management were conducted on an International basis. The immediate choice before this country is inescapable; either we must have a soundly managed gold standard, which can only be secured by well-ordered International action, or we must definitely abandon gold and rely on a managed standard without any metallic basis at all. In either event one thing is certain: the art of monetary management will have to be relied upon more and more to obviate such catastrophes in economic life as we are witnessing to-day. We must not delude ourselves once again into thinking that if we return to gold all will be well; renewed indulgence in that comfortable idea would be fatal. Deliberate, skilled, and resolute monetary management, with or without gold, is a *sine qua non* of steady economic progress."

Sir Harry Goschen, Chairman of the National Provincial Bank, spoke in heartening terms as to the internal position of the pound: "The fall in the pound, deplorable as it is in many respects, has given us, at least for a time, an exchange advantage that should enable our industries to compete with success whenever there is any recovery in the buying power of our overseas customers. We have effected drastic economies and submitted to still more severe taxation, and the combined effect of these measures will, we are assured, cover the gap between revenue and expenditure that has, under previous administrations, been met by borrowing. We have cut down public and private extravagance. We have reformed the abuses of the dole. By anti-dumping measures we have to some extent freed our industry from the nightmare of unfair competition; and we now hold a weapon in our hands which, if wisely used, should do good service in bringing down the height of the tariff walls abroad which have obstructed the progress of our industry and paralysed the trade of all the world.

"That we did our best to defend the pound, most of our foreign critics have admitted. The Bank of England borrowed £50,000,000, and a new Government, formed by the patriotic co-operation and self-sacrifice of all parties, with Mr. MacDonald as Prime Minister, borrowed £80,000,000; both these loans were raised in Paris and New York, where the authorities readily afforded assistance.

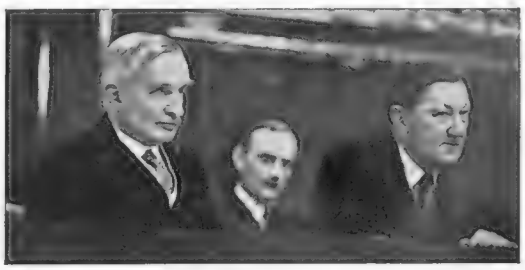
"May I say how gratifying it is to us all to learn a few days ago that the Bank of England had arranged to repay on February 1 the balance remaining of the £50,000,000 loan, and this without, as the official announcement indicates, 'involving any reduction of the Bank of England's Gold Reserves.' It indicates in a striking manner the country's responsiveness to sound methods in the conduct of national affairs.

"The British Banks and their customers have every right to be proud of one another for the way in which this crisis has been met; and it gives us confidence in facing the great effort that the nation has to make in overcoming, and helping other countries to overcome, the terrible difficulties that lie in the path to recovery. The fine response made by the income-tax payers to the demand for prompt payment of increased burdens is of good augury for the balancing of the Budget."

The Hon. Rupert Beckett, Chairman of the Westminster Bank, took a broad view of the general trend of trade and the methods to correct its retrogressive tendencies. He said: "The vital fact in the history of 1931 is that the breaking point arrived. In the early months of the summer, the bankruptcy of Central Europe became by general recognition a matter of weeks, and the whole credit system of Europe tottered on the edge of a precipice. At this critical moment there came a most welcome promise of relief from across the Atlantic in the shape of President Hoover's suggestion of a year's complete holiday from all war debt payments. Here at last was a hope of the beginning of International co-operation such as might solve the deep economic problems of the world. But seven or eight months have passed, and the hope of full co-operation has once more been deferred. The Congress of the United States has effectively checked President Hoover's International aspirations, and that great creditor country has moved with alarming rapidity back towards the policy of isolation which was first so emphatically manifested in the repudiation of President Wilson by his people. Congress, and, apparently, American public opinion, will not at the moment stand either for debt cancellation or even for a prolongation of the Hoover moratorium. France clings to her rights to receive reparations from Germany. Germany, whose ability to pay reparations has depended largely upon the constant flow of American investment, finds that that flow has ceased entirely.

"There is another aspect of the general position. In face of the world-wide economic depression, almost every country finds itself threatened not only with an unbalanced Budget but also with an unfavourable movement in the balance of payments. There are two ways of rectifying the unfavourable movement in the balance of payments. One is to increase exports and the other to decrease imports. The first and preferable method is precluded to countries living among neighbours whose tariff walls rise higher and higher, and therefore throughout Europe the latter course has been pursued. This country has been compelled to impose Customs duties for the protection of her home industries. It must be borne in mind, however, that one country's imports are another's exports, and to restrict one obviously restricts the other. If this development be carried to excess, International trade is threatened with extinction. Every decrease in exports renders it more difficult for a country to obtain the means whereby to meet external obligations, and nearly every government has been compelled to weave a web of exchange restrictions which, in their turn, add another hampering difficulty to the passage of commerce."

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the shareholders of the Midland Bank: Colonel W. F. Wylie, Mr. David Davies, and the Earl of Denbigh



PERSONALITIES at the Annual General Meeting of the National Provincial Bank included Mr. C. G. Hamilton and Lord Illingworth

THE GENERAL MANAGER of Barclays Bank, Mr. N. S. Jones, at the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders

A QUARTETTE at the Midland Bank Meeting; Mr. F. Hyde (Managing Director), Mr. E. M. Rodocanachi, Lord Airedale, and Mr. L. H. Walters

SHAREHOLDERS at the Annual General Meeting of Barclays; Colonel E. H. W. Bolitho, Mr. H. E. Seebohm, and Mr. W. F. Tuke (Vice-Chairman)

BANKING FACILITIES FOR EVERYONE

The time when a banking account was regarded as the privilege of any particular section of the community has long since passed, and the National Provincial Bank provides in its arrangements for the requirements of everyone.

BRITISH AND OVERSEAS BANKING of every description transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Savings Accounts may be opened at any Branch with a deposit of 2/6. No introduction is required.

HOME SAFES ISSUED FREE OF CHARGE

TRUSTEESHIPS AND EXECUTORSHIPS UNDERTAKEN.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK
LIMITED

Paid-up Capital - £9,479,416 **Reserve Fund - £8,000,000**
Deposits, etc. (December, 1931) - - - **£262,729,655**

HEAD OFFICE:
15, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2
1,374 Offices. Agents Everywhere.

Affiliated Banks:
COUTTS & CO. GRINDLAY & CO., LTD.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

Head Office: 71, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C. 3

Chairman: J. W. BEAUMONT PEASE

Deputy-Chairman: Sir AUSTIN E. HARRIS, K.B.E.

Every description of British and Foreign Banking business transacted

Over 1,900 Offices in England and Wales, and others in India and Burma
Agents and Correspondents throughout the World

Chief General Managers:
F. A. BEANE, G. F. ABELL

Joint General Managers:
W. G. JOHNS, D.S.O., R. A. WILSON, S. PARKES, S. P. CHERRINGTON

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

Chairman:
THE RIGHT HON. R. McKENNA
Deputy Chairmen:
W. G. BRADSHAW, C.B.E., S. CHRISTOPHERSON
Managing Director: FREDERICK HYDE

Statement of Accounts
December 31st, 1931

LIABILITIES	£
Paid-up Capital	14,248,012
Reserve Fund	11,500,000
Current, Deposit & other Accounts (including Profit Balance) £359,158,995	
Balances due to Affiliated Companies 2,793,400	361,952,395
Acceptances & Confirmed Credits	9,148,354
Engagements	10,073,925
ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	38,505,989
Balances with, & Cheques on other Banks	15,205,876
Money at Call & Short Notice	16,129,800
Investments at or under Market Value	42,190,262
Bills Discounted	57,132,250
Advances to Customers & other Accounts	197,637,464
Midland Bank Executor & Trustee Co. Ltd.:— Loans on behalf of Clients	248,392
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.:—Government of Northern Ireland Call Loan	1,800,000
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits & Engagements	19,222,279
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	9,584,861
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	1,221,452
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	750,000
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,543,356
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	2,990,462
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,373,191
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	387,052

The Midland Bank and its Affiliated Companies operate 2550 branches in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and have agents and correspondents in all parts of the world.

HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

The Golden Road to Samarkand

A unique opportunity to visit the age-old cities of Central Asia, combined with visits to the lovely Crimean Riviera, the picturesque Caucasus, and other parts of the Soviet Union is offered by a special tour arranged by Intourist.

The tour will start at Constantinople on the 7th March, thence by Soviet steamer to Odessa, Sevastopol, Yalta, Novorossysk, Tuapse, Sochi, Gagri, Sukhum, Poti and Batum; from Batum via Tiflis and Baku to Krasnovodsk and thence by special train consisting entirely of sleeping cars, with restaurant car and refrigerator, to Askhabad, Bokhara, Samarkand, Tashkent, Lugovaya (where the new Turksib railway begins, linking Turkestan with Siberia), Alma Ata, and thence through Southern Siberia, via Novosibirsk, Omsk, Sverdlovsk to Moscow where the tour will end on the 10th April.

The cost from Constantinople to Moscow is £222 per person. Travellers may join either at Constantinople or Odessa; in the latter case Intourist will provide free rail travel from Shepetovka (Soviet-Polish frontier) to Odessa.

Further information may be obtained from

INTOURIST, BUSH HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2

THOS. COOK & SON, LTD. MACSMITH TRAVEL CO., GLASGOW
WM. H. MULLER & CO., LTD. JOHN GOOD & SONS, HULL
DEAN & DAWSON, LTD. FRAMES' TOURS, LTD.
PICKFORDS, LTD. SEWELL & CROWTHER, LTD.
GEORGE LUNN'S TOURS

Webbs'

By Appointment.

NEW GARDEN BOOK for 1932

CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING OUTSTANDING NOVELTIES

DELPHINIUM (*illustrated*).
418a WEBBS' NEW GIANT HYBRID.—This new strain represents the pinnacle of attainment in these noble flowers. **1/6 & 2/6** per pkt.

NASTURTIUM, DWARF.
687. DOUBLE GOLDEN GLEAM.—Sweet Scented. **1/-** per pkt.

PANSY.
762. WEBBS' CHELSEA GIANT HYBRIDS. **1/6 & 2/6** per pkt.

DIANTHUS, Rock Varieties.
427b. ALLWOODII ALPINUS STRAIN. **1/-** per pkt.

GODETIA.
481d. SWEETHEART, dwarf double. **6d. & 1/-** per pkt.

SCABIOUS (Annual).
872a. GIANT LOVELINESS. **6d.** per pkt.

VERBENA.
1227a. WEBBS' GIANT LAVENDER GLORY.—Pure Lavender with Yellow Eye. **1/-** per pkt.

VIOLAS.
1230. ARKWRIGHTII.—The colour is a most dazzling ruby red. **1/-** per pkt.

ASTER.
28. WEBBS' NEW GIANT IMPROVED SUNSHINE ASTER.—Delightful art shades. **1/- & 1/6** per pkt.

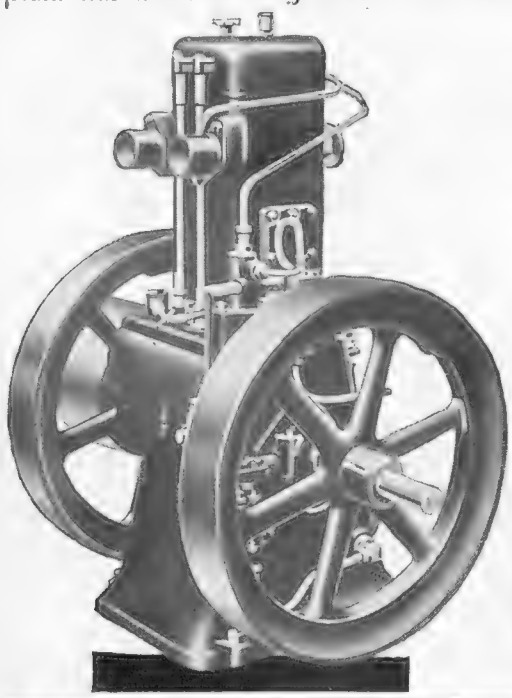
Webbs' Seeds STOURBRIDGE

The above are only a few of the beautiful new introductions offered in our illustrated Catalogue, MAILED FREE ON REQUEST.

Why Wait

For the mains? They may never be laid near your house. Even if they are it does not necessarily follow that a Public Supply would be a paying proposition for you.

With the latest type of crude oil engine electricity can be generated at a price with which the Supply Companies with their heavy overhead charges cannot compete. A private plant has the following additional advantages:



A steady light and a constant pressure at all times.

Freedom from interruptions due to strikes or breakdown.

Direct current at a safe voltage.

A modern plant is automatic in action, the attendance required being negligible.

Let us advise you without obligation on your part. Our Engineers will visit any part of the British Isles.

Many of our installations erected 30 or 40 years ago are still giving entire satisfaction.

Write for Catalogue No. 80.

DRAKE & GORHAM, LTD.,

36, GROSVENOR GARDENS, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1

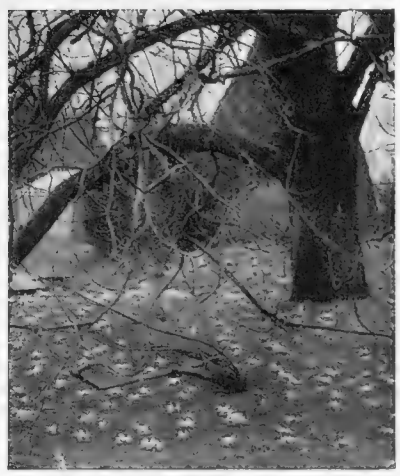
29, Piccadilly, Manchester. 51, Waterloo Street, Glasgow.
105, High Street, Winchester. 20a, Bedford Circus, Exeter.

THE GARDEN

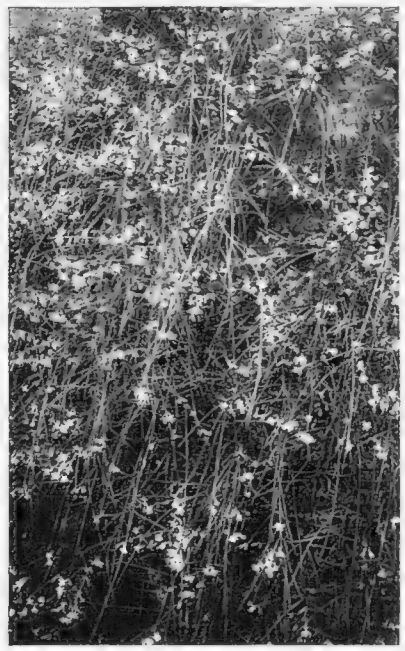
What to do now February is Here—Pricking Out the Tender Watched and the Vegetable Garden Visited: Fruit

The First of a Periodical Garden Series

PRICKING OUT ANTIRRHINUMS (commonly known as snapdragon): All seedlings should be pricked out and hardened as soon as possible



YELLOW STARS OF THE WINTER: Grantis or winter aconite, which flowers freely in grass. Only particularly cold soils prove too much for it



WINTER JASMINE is a lovely Chinese bush. It should be planted in different aspects to prolong the blooming

THE SIDE SHOOTS of winter jasmine should be cut back after flowering. Jasmine nudiflorum is one of the loveliest of January flowers appearing in clustered yellow stars

Economy in the Garden

The weather this January has been the most kindly on record. The wise gardener will have taken full advantage of it and will be well ahead with his work. The soil is in good condition, and as long as the open weather lasts transplanting of the hardier things may be risked. Gaps in those Spring borders which were planted out in the autumn may be filled, wallflowers can still be planted and, as most of the Spring bulbs are now showing, it is easy to fill up spaces and ensure a mass of fine colour. Carpets of mauve aubretia can be arranged to show up the lovely double Murillo tulip, candytuft placed round hyacinths or dwarf red, white, or pink daisies, forget-me-not, or arabis as a background for Pride of Haarlem, the Rev. Ewbank, or Clara Butt, still one of the very best of tulips. The patriotic gardener who bought English bulbs must have been astonished and pleased at the quality as well as the price of the fine specimens sold by some Lincolnshire growers. And the picture of masses of beautiful blooms ready for the January market from the "Holland in England" was an encouraging sight to all who are trying to supply "primeurs" in this country.

Space for Rare Bulbs

Space should be kept, when planning the garden now, for some of the rarer bulbs and lilies to be planted when the soil is warmer. Gladioli, tigridias, and montbretias (of which there are now most beautiful varieties) might be put in a warm, southern exposure about the end of the month. But the African lilies (the Kaffir or schizostylis, crinums, etc.) must wait; and it should be noted that these bulbs, while liking a poor soil in their native land, require, like humans, more generous treatment in our chillier clime.

Sowing

But the main preoccupation this month is sowing. Most of the annuals and biennials can now be sown in gentle heat in greenhouse or hotbed; and indeed a cold frame carefully managed will give good results. Sow carefully, using a light sandy compost; pack pans or pots on clean coal ashes or bricks for warmth and to discourage worms, give every opportunity for light and air, water carefully and regularly, and protect with matting over the glass at night. Prick out the seedlings and harden as soon as possible. Much might be done with a little ingenuity to cheat the elements; a disused pig-sty makes capital shelter, for instance, by covering with matting at night, to choice chrysanthemums that would have perished in the open. Sweet peas can now be sown in the open, but it is well to sow in succession, and protection must be given against slugs and sparrows. If not yet prepared, the ground for them should now be double trenched and manured.

Autumn-sown seedlings should be carefully weeded and thinned out, and any transplanting necessary carried out at the first favourable opportunity. A mulching of decayed manure will help to protect them and ensure a richer display later. Begonias, cyclamen, and the like, should be sown now, and of cyclamen it is well to remember that flowers should be pulled, not cut, as the stem bleeds and exhausts the plant.

Flowering Shrubs

Some gardeners, obliged on the score of economy to curtail labour, might think of turning herbaceous borders, which involve much work and constant attention, into beds of flowering shrubs. A fine show all the year round can be made with a little care and thought. Such a border looks best on the edge of a lawn and irregular in outline.

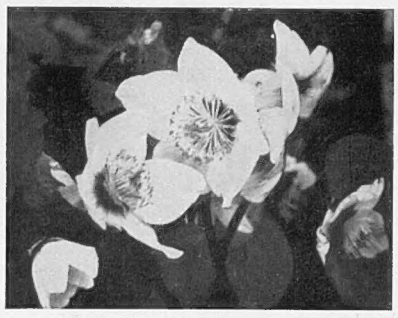
A fine background of evergreen trees, cedars, ilex, yews, or pines would have the taller shrubs, such as pink, red

IN SPRING

Seedlings: The Charm of the Flowering Shrubs: Lawns to be Trees should be Sprayed, and Many Other Hints

(1) By
MARY HEADLAM

and white hawthorns, lilacs, laburnum, almond, apple trees (for their blossoming), the prunus family, flowering cherries, syringas, buddleias grouped in front; with smaller ones, cistus florentinus, veronicas, forsythia, ribes, heaths, brooms, tree lupins, daphnes, spireas, and, in very sheltered spots, the lovely little ceanothus, still further forward, while the edging might be of clumps of the prostrate phloxes, or some of the hardy alpine dwarf shrubs, the creeping azalea procumbens, and the Alpine rhododendrons and roses. Contrast could be made with rosemary, lavender, bamboo, eryngiums, santolina, epimedium (pinnetum is hardy with yellow flowers and valuable leaves). Such a bed would be a joy all the year round. Some of these shrubs will provide charming decoration for the house if cut in bud. The winter sweet (chimonanthus fragrans), now blooming on a south or west wall, will scent the room, as well as iris stylosa, also flowering now, and the sweet daphne mezereum, though this last must be sparingly cut, or it will die. The stems of almonds, ribes, etc., should be peeled in water.



CHRISTMAS ROSE: Although termed *Helleborus Niger*, the flowers are waxen, verging from a pure white to a delicate bluish tint

Lawns

Lawns should now be attended to. Moles and leaves and worms may have done damage. Now is the time to roll, and when the ground is dry use a heavy rake and use it hard. A good dressing for a light soil is a mixture of loam, rotten manure, soot, and quicklime, spread thinly. Later on bare patches can be re-sown.

WHITE FLOWERS OF EARLY SPRING: Galanthus is the technical term for snowdrops—one of the most exquisite of early season blossoms

The Kitchen Garden

In the vegetable garden there is much to do. Successive sowings of broad beans and peas should now be made. Shallots should be in, and onion beds prepared by rolling. Try, too, a sowing of spinach. It may fail, then sow again. Early vegetables of all kinds will be in great demand this year, including potatoes. It is worth while planting a few early potatoes in a sheltered spot, using the ashes from the bonfire and turfy soil. They must be protected by bracken or straw from frost.

Shallots should be planted early in soil manured, dug—and rolled. The soil should be fit to tread on. They should be planted in rows 1 ft. 3 in. apart, and an 8 in. or 9 in. interval should be allowed between the sets. Press them well into the earth, leaving only the tip visible.

To bring your rhubarb on with speed, surround it on four sides, manure it well, and cover it with straw. There is still time to take these measures.

FORSYTHIA is one of the loveliest of flowering shrubs and is well set off by a background of evergreen trees of cedar, ilex or yew type

The Use of Cloches

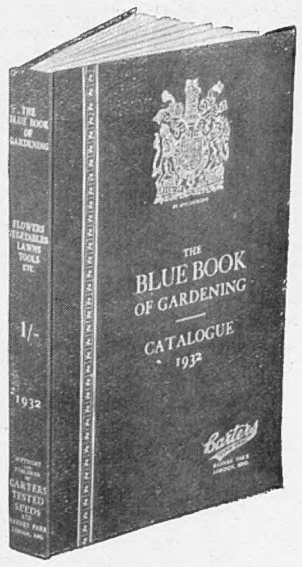
Much more might be done by means of cloches in this country. Lettuce, radishes, peas, tomato plants may be forwarded in this way, and much valuable time saved. Sea-kale should have been covered up last month, but it is not too late for the later crop. Sowings should be made of brussels sprouts, cauliflower in succession, and of cabbages in gentle heat for summer use. Apropos of such vegetables, a good story is told of a friend of Dean Hole. An old woman to whom he spoke said to him, "Yes, I've had a lot of trouble — lost my sister, then my pig, but the Lord's been pratty well on my side this winter — for greens."

The Orchard

A word about fruit trees. Don't forget to spray now with some of the many tar oil washes. Use this in the proportion recommended on a dry day and thoroughly soak the trees. A further spraying will be necessary later on, but it is essential to the production of a sound fruit that this first wash be applied without delay.

CHRISTMAS ROSES IN FLOWER: A general view of helleborus, seen in detail in the top picture of this column. They add much gaiety to the winter garden

1932 Carters TESTED SEEDS LTD



NEW EDITION OF
CARTERS
BLUE BOOK
OF GARDENING

Re-edited with many new features and
BEAUTIFUL COLOUR PLATES

Procure a Copy before placing your Garden Seed order

Obtainable at the Bookstalls of W. H. Smith & Son, Wymans, and Carters London Garden Shops and Agencies throughout the Country. *Price* 1/-

From Carters Headquarters:
RAYNES PARK, S.W.20
Post Free 1/6

GOOD THINGS in the BLUE BOOK

"ORANGE FLARE"
Carters New Sweet Pea, fragrant and delicate of petal. Colour like a Flaming Torch (page 17). 24 seeds, 2/6; 12 seeds, 1/6

"PÊCHE MELBA"
Carters new Sweet Pea of giant size, proved the finest cream pink during past season (page 15). 36 seeds, 2/6; 12 seeds, 1/-

"GOLDEN BEAM"
New Calendula, clear Old Gold, delicate quilled form (page 61). Packet, 2/6 and 1/-

"GOLDEN GLEAM"
New Sweet Scented Nasturtium, double and semi-climbing (page 138). Packet, 2/6 and 1/-

"FRUIT"
Carters New Tomato, firm fine flavoured flesh, can be sliced without breaking up (page 329). Packet, 2/6, 3/6 and 5/-

DIARY OF THE GARDEN
Pages 385–399

A Beautifully Illustrated Abridged Catalogue. 64 pages.
Post free on application.

BARR'S
GOLD MEDAL
SEEDS

FOR THE FLOWER GARDEN.

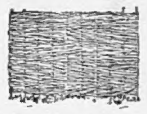
A Few Specialities

Aquilegia, Barr's Glory Strain, the finest long-spurred Columbines. Per pkt., **2/6** & **3/6**
Gentiana Farreri, the beautiful Chinese species. Per pkt., **2/6** & **3/6**
Meconopsis Baileyi, the blue Tibetan Poppy. Per pkt., **1/-, 1/6** & **2/6**
Scabiosa Caucasica Goldingensis, immense lavender-blue flowers. Per pkt., **3/6**

See Barr's Seed Guide, free on application.

BARR & SONS
11,12 & 13, King St., Covent Gdn., London, W.C.2

CONSIDER THIS
New value HURDLE



PRICES
(All 6 ft. long)

Ht.	Each	Doz.
3 ft.	2/9	30/-
4 ft.	3/10	42/-
5 ft.	5/2	56/-
6 ft.	6/11	75/-

Astolat Wattle Hurdles must not be confused with the ordinary loosely woven sheep hurdles . . . made from selected hazel, specially woven and beautifully finished by rural craftsmen. They make ideal garden screens and are undoubtedly the cheapest hurdles on the market. All hurdles are full height in winding; not over-all measurement of the verticals.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE TO-DAY
CASH WITH ORDER
Loaded F.O.R. stations in Surrey and Hants.

ASTOLAT CO. LTD.,
58, Peasmarsh, Guildford, SURREY
'Phone: Shalford 140-1

Ryders SEEDS

One of our old customers on looking at a bed of flowers raised from one of our 2d. packets, exclaimed

"Heaven for Twopence"

Ryders interesting Catalogue will be sent with pleasure, post free, to all who apply.
(On post cards please affix 1d. stamp)

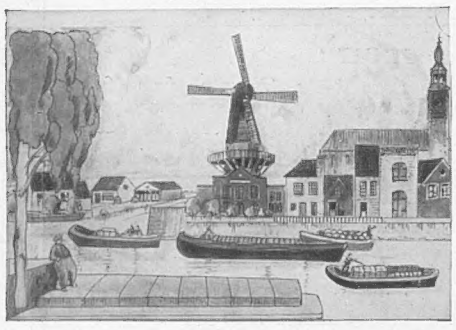
Almost everything from Orchids to Mustard and Cress.

RYDER & SON (1920) Ltd., St. Albans

Results of the Pictorial Competition in "The Sphere" Xmas Number

FIRST PRIZE: Miss Erica Griffiths, Liverpool, whose composition is accurate in almost every detail

SECOND PRIZE: Mrs. Alice Zambra, Sevenoaks, shows a slight misplacement of the row of houses

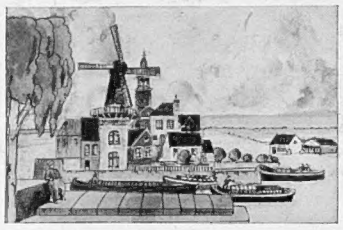


THIRD PRIZE (A): Richard J. Delf has misplaced some small trees, but otherwise good

This competition has again proved extremely popular with our readers and a very large number of replies have come from this country and all parts of the world. The problem set before the reader was to reconstruct a Dutch landscape from various detached pieces consisting of houses, windmill, a church, barges, etc. These all formed integral parts of an actual scene in Haarlem. By a careful observation of the lines of perspective in a number of the detached pieces and by the observation of shadows it was hoped that some of our artistic readers would be enabled to solve the problem. This has been almost completely accomplished in the prize-winning solution.

The second prize runs the first very closely, but the arrangement of the canal wall and the gap between the houses, showing a portion of the church, are not in such complete agreement with the key drawing.

The third prize has been divided, as two competitors are of such equal merit. In one case some of the houses are misplaced to the left of the mill, and in the other case the small trees lining the second canal are out of position.



This solution will show the extent to which it was possible to obtain varying compositions, if little hints and clues were ignored

Cheques for the amount of the prizes will be forwarded in due course. Although there is a great similarity of arrangement in all the four winning designs reproduced here, it must not be presumed that other possibilities of arrangement did not suggest themselves to a large number of readers. The example given shows the astonishing range of possibility which commended itself to some minds. As stated above the replies came in from all parts of

(*Cont. at foot of last column*)

THIRD PRIZE (B): Mrs. Lowe, Northland, has misplaced two houses and leaves a gap showing church

THE FÊTE NATIONALE OF MONACO: Members of the Government leave the Cathedral on the occasion of the great Riviera festival

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A party of boys from the Society attended the Albert Hall Meeting, on January 27, of the National Council of Social Service and heard the Prince of Wales' appeal for a better spirit towards our neighbours. The object of the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship is to train boys and girls to become good and useful citizens, which undoubtedly results in their children, when leaving the Homes, adopting the wish of the Prince of Wales, to do good and help others. Funds are urgently needed to assist the Society in their great work, and all gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

the world in addition to a very heavy post from England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and the Channel Isles. EUROPE: France, Germany, Austria, Holland, Belgium, Poland, Denmark, Italy, Switzerland, Malta, Finland. ASIA: F.M.S., Persia, Turkey, China, Japan, India. AFRICA: Transvaal, Cape Province, Northern Rhodesia, Egypt, Kenya, South Africa. Canada, U.S.A., Cuba, B.W.I. SOUTH AMERICA: Argentine.

It is interesting to note that the competition appealed to all ages. Master Robert Findlay, Boturich Castle, Ballock, aged 8¾, and Master D. J. Ross of South Kensington Hotel, aged 7, both making gallant efforts to solve what has puzzled many of their elders. Another competitor sent in a very competent result at the age of seventy.

'Fair' & Warmer'

-it's always so at Bournemouth

Sunny, healthy days in this beautiful "City of Pines" . . . and happy days—for the unrivalled facilities for sport, recreation and music, promise day after day of real pleasure.

In the evenings the Magnificent Pavilion provides music by the famous Municipal Orchestra, and excellent Dancing to the rhythm of the latest dance tunes . . . you'll enjoy yourself at Bournemouth and feel really fit —too.

Write for Winter literature and Guide free from the Town Clerk, Room 13a, Town Hall, Bournemouth.

BOURNEMOUTH
Where Summer Winters

A WONDERFUL CONVENIENCE

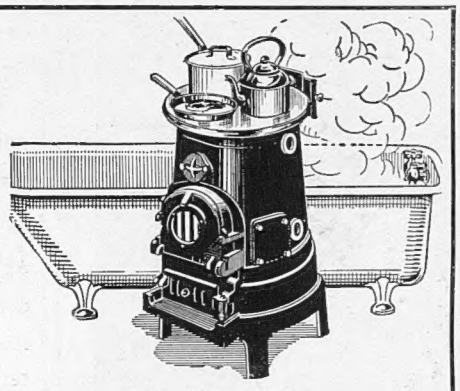
To have a boiler which raises continuous and abundant hot water for Baths, Lavatory Basins, Scullery use and, if required, Central Heating, is one of the really great household conveniences.

GLOW-WORM

Domestic HOT WATER *Boiler*

But Boilers differ greatly, and those who take pride in conducting their household economically, as well as efficiently, should bear in mind that the GLOW-WORM uses only three-quarters the fuel (Anthracite or Coke) other boilers require for similar work. Prices of the Glow-Worm Boiler are now from £4 15s.

You are invited to call and inspect the Glow-Worm Boilers. Or please write for illustrated list.



A VISIT

to our Showrooms will repay you. There you will see the wonderful

AGA COOKER

This Cooker cannot cost more than £4 per annum to run.

GLOW-WORM BOILER & FIRE CO. LTD. (Dept. B.4), 5, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.1
Bournemouth Showrooms: 3, YELVERTON ROAD.

HEALTHIER MOTORING Any fixed top Saloon can now be converted into a TICKFORD 100% open or closed Car in 10 seconds by turning a small handle. Fully guaranteed Weatherproof and rattleproof. Prices for conversion: Austin Seven and Morris Minor £19 10. 4-door Saloons from £35. Conversion in six days. On view at Showrooms: SALMONS & SONS, 13 New Burlington Street, London, W.1. Works: Newport Pagnell.

AGRICULTURAL HALL
LONDON, N.1

The Event of the Year in Canine Circles.

No lover of dogs should fail to pay a visit.

CRUFT'S
DOG SHOW
and EXHIBITION OF SPORTING APPLIANCES
FEBRUARY 10th and 11th
THE "DOG DAYS" OF 1932
JUDGING EACH DAY
The Racing Greyhounds
The Dogs are fed on Spratt's Dog Cakes

BAL DE LA COUTURE-PARIS

AT THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE ON THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11

Twenty Famous Orchestras and Jazz Bands

ATTRACTIONS—MARCH OF THE MANNEQUINS

Entrance Fee: 100 Francs

Reserved Boxes at following Prices:

First Tier (8 seats) 3,000 frs. Second Tier (8 seats) 2,000 frs. Third Tier (10 seats) 1,500 frs.
Third Tier (6 seats) 900 frs. Dress Circle 200 frs.
Entrance Fee included

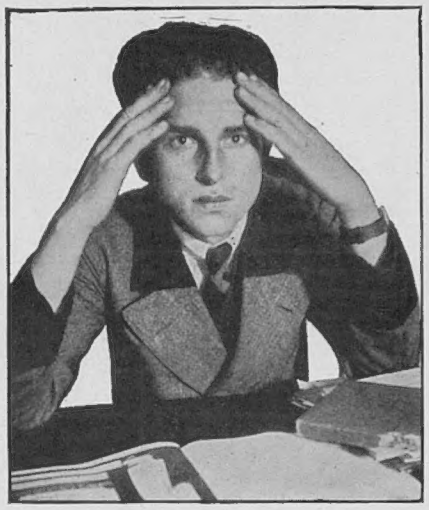
BOX OFFICES: at the leading Hotels—at the Couturiers—at the Paris Opera House—at the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture, 27, rue de la Sourdière, Paris

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *February* 6, 1932. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

Reveals Secret of Personal Influence

Simple Method that Anyone Can Use to Develop the Powers of Personal Magnetism, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and to correct Undesirable Habits through the wonder-science of Suggestion. 80-page Book Fully Describing this Unique Method and a Psycho-Analysis Character Delineation FREE to all who write at once.

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination, Mind-Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone, no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer E. Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "*The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces.*" The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yoghis and explains a unique system for the Development of Personal Magnetism,



Mr. Martin Goldhardt.

Hypnotic and Telepathic Powers, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and the correction of undesirable habits through the wonder power of Suggestion.

Mr. Martin Goldhardt writes: "My own success with the Knowles System justifies my belief that it does more for the advancement of people than any other existing method." The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of 10,000 copies is being conducted by a large Brussels Institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested.

In addition to supplying the book free, each person who writes at once will also receive a psycho-analysis character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles. If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look,
Please read my character,
And send me your book."

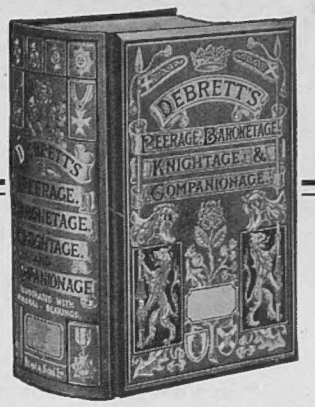
Also send your full name and address plainly printed (state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss), and address your letter to: PSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, S.A. (Dept. 540–E), No. 18, rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium. If you wish you may enclose 4d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, etc. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your letter. Postage to Belgium is 2½d.

Buy British Soap—

—Preferably

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

6d. per tablet.



The Standard Peerage for 1932

A BOOK OF OUTSTANDING INTEREST

Includes latest corrections and New Honours conferred.

Essential to Everyone after a Dissolution, a General Election, and many Cabinet changes.

DEBRETT'S

PEERAGE (with Index to Courtesy Titles)
BARONETAGE (with Index)
KNIGHTAGE (with Issue)
and COMPANIONAGE (Biographical)

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME

A Veritable Dictionary giving millions of facts and dates

Edited by ARTHUR G. M. HESILRIGE

Clear, accurate, and easy of Reference. All Alphabetically arranged.

Illustrated with Armorial Bearings.

Cloth Gilt (Complete Edition), Royal 8vo, 75/- net; or in Two Vols., Peerage and Titles of Courtesy, 35/- net; and Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage, 45/- net. Special thin paper Edition (complete work bound in Limp Morocco), 120/- net.

DEAN & SON, Ltd.,
Debrett House, 29, King Street,
Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2.

Cuticura Talcum

Soothes and cools Father's face and removes the after-shaving shine, comforts Baby's tender skin and prevents chafing and irritation, and gives the finishing touch to Mother's toilet.

Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists.
British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and *practical* information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road; and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

All Travel queries are promptly answered by post.

Enquiries should be addressed to—

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau,
346, Strand, London, W.C.2

STAMPS Fine Selection of the Rare Stamps of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1/- discount off catalogue prices.
G. H. Waitt, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent.

FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBN. 1908: GOLD MEDAL

Try this chocolate covered Fruit Lozenge

FOR

CONSTIPATION

GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Sold by all Chemists and Druggists 3/- per box
67 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE RD., LONDON, S.E.1

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

Manufactured in England.

For Breakfast & after Dinner.
Stimulating, Refreshing.
Prevents Fatigue.
RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS.

STORIES YOU CAN'T HELP READING . . .

"In a couple of hours or so, the pounding of the tramp's engines subsided to a faint purr and, barely holding her own against the heaving sea, she lay half a mile to leeward of the blurred mass whence the appealing rockets had leapt to the apparently unanswering heavens. . . .
At the first streak of dawn the Third Mate entered the Chief Officer's room. Even as the door opened, the Mate sat up in his bunk instantly awake and keenly alert.
"What's she slowed down for, Third?" he asked anxiously. "In my sleep I felt something was wrong somewhere."
"Nothing wrong with us, sir," answered the Third Officer, "but there's a dismasted barque up to wind'ard in a devil of a mess. All her gear, except the mizzen, is hanging over the port side, and I can see the poor devils trying to work at the pumps as though they're beat to the wide. . . . I've seen mined ships lying in pieces on the Goodwins, and I've passed lifeboats manned with starved corpses in the Bay . . . and this sea-swept coffin reminds me . . ."
"Yes, you've seen a lot in the course of your long life," interrupted the Mate briskly. "Who is she?"
You'll keep on reading when once you start "SALVAGE," *a drama of the sea, by P. C. Wren—author of "Beau Geste."*

PICTURES you can't help studying

In "THE LAST DOOR TO THE ARCTIC OPENS" . . . . threatening the fur trade, Canada's oldest industry, and the natives of the far North, with over-exploitation and too much white "culture." By *Philip H. Godsell.*

In "QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO," by *F. Matania, R.I.* The story of Mary Read; soldier, pirate, wife and lover.

BRITANNIA AND EVE is B·U·I·L·T to interest—*Isn't there something here that interests* YOU?

"SALVAGE" *by P. C. Wren*
"BIG BUSINESS" *by Gordon Beckles*
"PLAYING WITH FIRE" *by Alec Waugh*
"IT'S A WISE CHILD . . ." *by G. B. Stern*
"BEHIND THE SILVER SCREEN" *by Margaret Chute*
"AIREDALE" *by Charles J. McGuirk*
"THE ANONYMOUS SUPER-MEN OF THE AIR" *by Joan Woollcombe*
"WIND-JAMMING THE HORN" *by Shaw Desmond*
QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO: "THE STORY OF MARY READ" *by F. Matania, R.I.*
"OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE THEATRE" *by Hannen Swaffer*
"EXIT THE COMIC TRAMP—ENTER THE COMIC KING!" *by Sydney Tremayne*
"NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES" *by Winifred Lewis*
"BOOKS AS DECORATION" *by Derek Patmore*
A GOING-OUT SET FOR BABY
A SMART HAT AND CRAVAT SCARF
"THE LAST DOOR TO THE ARCTIC OPENS" *by Philip H. Godsell*
"YELLOW WOMEN AND BLOND MEN" *by Mollie Panter-Downes*
BOOKS: *reviewed by Arnold Palmer*
ODDS AND ENDS OF IMPORTANCE
THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS FASHION
WHAT I BOUGHT THIS MONTH
"THE BUFFET SUPPER" *by Kathleen K. Bowker*
THE MOTORING SECTION *conducted by the Earl of Cardigan*

You'll know better what a *NEW STYLE* MAGAZINE means when you have seen the FEBRUARY issue of

BRITANNIA AND EVE

MORE PEOPLE ARE TAKING IT EACH MONTH—TO MAKE SURE, PLACE A REGULAR ORDER

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *February* 6, 1932. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.